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# The TATLER

& ESTANDER

Vol. CC XX. No. 2997

17 December 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Betty Swaabe

## PERSONALITY

### Teacher to débutantes

MADAME JEANNE-LOUISE BOUÉ is a distinguished member of the group of headmistresses whose finishing schools yearly groom girls from all parts of the world for their social début. A five-page picture report on the Paris schools begins on page 723. Mme. Boué, who founded her Study-Home in the rue Erlanger in 1920, is here shown at her desk correcting journals compiled by her pupils. She wears the insignia of a *Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Palmes Académiques*, recently conferred on her for services to education.

Mme. Boué has a family background of art and learning. Her father was a well-known interior decorator and her mother a professor in Paris. Her own education was at the University of Paris and the Ecole du

Louvre, and she also went to a finishing school in London.

A believer in travel as a help to learning, Mme. Boué visited England and America after rendering services to French, British, Belgian and U.S. military organizations during World War One. She opened a French school in America at Madison, Wisconsin. In World War Two she again worked for the Allied cause and in 1944 she received diplomas from the British and American governments.

Mme. Boué regards her school as a home-from-home for her girls. It is open all the year round and there are usually from 12 to 14 students in residence, most of them British girls from military families.

Lady Gransden (wife of the London Ulster Agent) and Mrs. Willy Von Neurath ran the wine stall

Miss Peggy Cummings (the actress) with her son David Dunnett were at the toy stall



Lady Hone (right, wife of the former governor of N. Borneo) and Countess Angela Feber-Castall (Nuremberg is her home)



Lady Fairfax of Cameron and Mrs. Michael de Pret Roose helped on the produce stall of the Berkshire & Reading Association



## Christmas crackers

SOLD AT A LONDON  
BAZAAR IN AID  
OF YOUTH CLUBS

## Scottish reels

DANCED AT A ST.  
ANDREW'S NIGHT BALL  
HELD AT HURLINGHAM

Miss Jane Woodford with Mr. Robert Hay Drummond (he is training to be an accountant)

Miss Auriol Pares and Mr. Martin Ferguson (he is on the Stock Exchange). The ball is an annual one for Scots



Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Davidson, Capt. John Johnston, R.N., and Mrs. Johnston. The band played a succession of reels

Mr. & Mrs. David Methven. Their home is in Perthshire



Mr. Moniem El-Khatib (press attaché at the Irak Embassy) and Miss L. Hudson (on The Times)

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
DESMOND O'NEILL





Lady Naylor-Leyland and Lady  
Grantley ran the "As good as  
new" stall at 45 Park Lane



Lady Strathcona & Mount Royal  
wearing a brooch made from the  
last spike driven into the trans-  
-canadian railway her family built



Lady Rose Baring (right,) and Mrs. L. D. Wilkinson,  
of the Surrey Association, worked on the knitwear  
stall. The bazaar was expected to raise £3,000

Lady Lowther and her mother Lady Evans-Bevan.  
The bazaar was opened by Mr. Brian Johnston



**Doughty—Gillson:** Miss Judith Gillson, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Anthony Gillson, and the Comtesse Guy de la Frégonnière, Lennox Garden Mews, S.W.1, married Mr. Charles E. Doughty, son of Mr. C. Doughty, Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Doughty, Eldon Road, W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



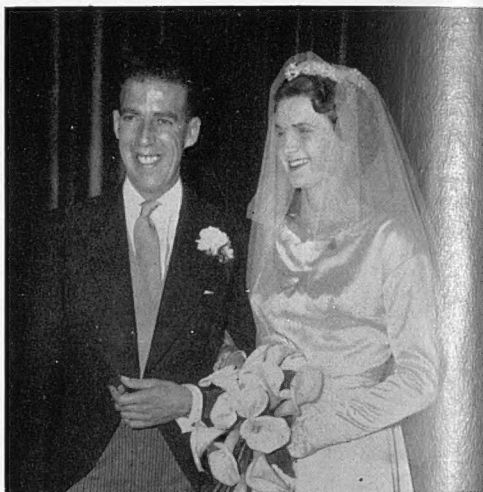
**Erskine—Charteris:** Miss Susan-Joan Charteris, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. D. A. Charteris, Landford Cottage, Landford, Wilts, married Mr. Peter John Erskine, only son of the late Lt.-Col. J. G. M. Erskine, & Mrs. J. Parry, Danbury Lodge, Shelley Road, Worthing, at St. Andrew's, Landford



**White—Kalén:** Miss Ann Elizabeth Kalén, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gustaf Kalén, Caracas, Venezuela, married Mr. Vincent Gordon White, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles V. White, Brough, East Yorkshire, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bride's father is a Swedish diplomat



**Troughton—Mudie:** Miss A. V. Mudie, daughter of Lt.-Col. D. H. Mudie & Mrs. T. Mudie, Laxfield, married Capt. C. D. B. Troughton, 8th K.R.I.H., son of Mrs. & the late Lt.-Col. L. H. W. Troughton, Bridge, Canterbury, at All Saints', Laxfield



**Cabezas—Dove:** Miss Sally J. Dove, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Dove, Doonside, Fairmile Lane, Cobham, Surrey, married Don Enrique Cabezas of Benidorm (Alicante), Spain, at the Church of Saint Charles Borromeo, Weybridge, Surrey



**Poynder—Gould:** Miss Jill Gould, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. F. Gould, South Petherton, married Capt. Michael F. Poynder, 7th Q.O.H., son of Mrs. & the late Lt.-Col. F. S. Poynder, Abergeldie, Camberley, at South Petherton Parish Church



**Harding—Beak:** Miss Jennifer Delacour Beak, younger daughter of Col. & Mrs. Hugh Beak, Weyhill, married Capt. Christopher Allan Harding, Royal Tank Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Harding, Rockfield, at St. Peter-on-Cornhill, E.C.3



**Jones—Wilson-Jones:** Miss Gillian J. Wilson-Jones, daughter of Major & Mrs. G. Wilson-Jones, Llanhamlach, Brecknockshire, married Capt. Michael Jones, son of Major & Mrs. S. B. Jones, Bognor Regis, at St. Peter's Church, Llanhamlach



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# The 1959 season: first news of private dances

by JENNIFER

A FULL LIST of next season's private dances and social occasions, with pictures and notes on most of the débutantes, will be published in The TATLER's Débutante Number on 18 February. This issue is always a "must" for every mother launching a daughter. I have found that each year it is kept in many homes for reference throughout the season. (Incidentally, will anyone else wishing their dance included in the Débutante Number please send details to me before the end of January.) Meanwhile I publish this week a preliminary list of dances already arranged.

Before going any further, I want to say how heartily sick I am of reading (ever since it was announced from Buckingham Palace that there would be no more Royal presentation parties) such statements as "Death of the débutante"—"No more débutantes"—"The end of the débutantes' seasons." This is rubbish. There are just as many débutantes coming out in 1959 as in any previous year. The dropping of the presentation parties has made no difference, and the season promises to be as gay as ever. Already London flats and houses are letting for it, and dates and places for dances being fixed; and from now on caterers, wine merchants, marquee erectors, bands, florists and all the trades connected with the season will be getting an increasing number of orders. Later the clothes shops, bag and shoe shops, milliners, etc., will all benefit, too. The much-maligned débutante with her three-months' fling is often termed "useless," but the season, it should be remembered, does create trade.

My preliminary list of private dances for débutantes is as follows:

## MONDAY, 4 MAY

Mrs. Patrick Corbett for Miss Sarah Jane Corbett at the Hyde Park Hotel

## TUESDAY, 5 MAY

Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House

## WEDNESDAY, 6 MAY

Lady John Hope and Mrs. G. de Winton for their daughters Miss Camilla Paravicini and Miss Laura Wallace at the Savoy Hotel

## THURSDAY, 7 MAY

Mrs. Horner, small dance for Miss Sarah Horner at the Dorchester

## MONDAY, 11 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Edward Hope for Miss Katharine Carlisle and Miss Sarah Hope, at Hurlingham Club

## TUESDAY, 12 MAY

Mrs. John Mundor for Miss Joanna Mundor in London

## THURSDAY, 14 MAY

Mrs. Bertram Butler, small dance for Miss Doriel Butler in London

## SATURDAY, 16 MAY

Mrs. L. R. Seymour for Miss Anthea Seymour at Little Hadham Place, Much Hadham

## WEDNESDAY, 20 MAY

Mrs. Francis Ogilvy for Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy at Quaglino's

## FRIDAY, 22 MAY

Mrs. Richard Courtney Boyle for Miss Belinda Boyle at Pegsdon Barns, Nr. Hitchin, Herts

## SATURDAY, 23 MAY

Mrs. Victor Canning for Miss Hilary Canning at Marl Place, Brenchley, Kent

## MONDAY, 25 MAY

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Fleming and Mrs. Michael Berry for Miss Sandra Fleming and Miss Priscilla Berry at the Hyde Park Hotel

## WEDNESDAY, 27 MAY

Judith Countess of Listowel for her niece Miss Judith de Marffy-Mantuano and Mrs. Philip Argenti for her daughter Miss Georgina Argenti at 8 Princes Gardens, S.W.7

## THURSDAY, 28 MAY

Mrs. P. Hewlat for Miss Verena Hewlat in London

## FRIDAY, 29 MAY

Mrs. W. Hamilton, Mrs. J. Price and Mrs. G. Maxwell for Miss Liza Hamilton, Miss Sarah Price and Miss Mary Maxwell at The Old Mill House, Frimley Green, Surrey

## SATURDAY, 30 MAY

Lady Roberts for Miss Jane Roberts at Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk

## MONDAY, 1 JUNE

Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie, Mrs. Nigel Fisher and Mrs. Cival for their daughters Miss Susan McKenzie, Miss Sally Ford and Miss Martha Cival at 6 Hamilton Place

## TUESDAY, 2 JUNE

Mrs. G. H. Dixon and Mrs. J. M. Trusted for Miss Judy Dixon, Miss Susan and Miss Sara-Jane Trusted at Claridge's



Brodrick Haldane

A SUSSEX CHRISTENING. Mr. & Mrs. Alaisdair Bullough, of Charmans, near Horsham, with their fourth son Hamish. He was christened at St. Margaret's Church, Warnham, near Horsham

## FRIDAY, 5 JUNE

Mrs. Coles for Miss Denise Coles at Campden House, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire

## SATURDAY, 6 JUNE

Mrs. J. H. Walford for Miss Belinda Walford at The Old House, Wolverton, Basingstoke

## MONDAY, 8 JUNE

Mrs. George Brodrick for Miss Maxine Brodrick at 17 Hyde Park Gardens

## TUESDAY, 9 JUNE

Mrs. Sparke-Davies and Mr. Francis Fisher for Miss Carolinda Sparke-Davies and Miss Lee Fisher at Hurlingham Club

## WEDNESDAY, 10 JUNE

Mrs. Robert Calvert and Mrs. Michael Gibb for Miss Diana Calvert and Miss Rosemary Gibb at Quaglino's

## THURSDAY, 11 JUNE

Mrs. Bruce Mitchell for Miss Caroline Mitchell on board a yacht on the Thames

## FRIDAY, 12 JUNE

Mrs. Stewart-Brown for Miss Tonia Stewart-Brown at The Street Barn, Great Hallingbury, Essex



For  
Christmas  
reading

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE (on sale 22 December): How to give an egg-nog party; suggestions for spending a Christmas cheque at the shows; last-minute gifts; party games; and E. Arnot Robertson on "The Things I've Eaten For England"

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# Other People's Babies

SOPHIE, four months.  
with her mother, Mrs. John  
Cordle, Liss, Hants. Mr.  
Cordle is at Lloyd's



Barry Swaëbe



Chaplin Jones

EMMA, 11 months, daughter of Mr.  
& the Hon. Mrs. A. Birtwistle,  
Hatch Hill House, Hindhead, Surrey



Fayer

HENRIETTA, four, daughter of  
Cdr. & Mrs. H. Pasley-  
Taylor, Cotton Manor, Guilsborough

FRIDAY, 12 JUNE

Mrs. David Colville and Mrs. Gough for Miss Sara Colville and Miss Thalia Gough, also coming of age of Mr. Benjamin Gough

SATURDAY, 13 JUNE

Mrs. Robert Taylor for Miss Maria Taylor in Oxfordshire  
Mrs. O. Crosthwaite-Eyre for Miss Phillipa Crosthwaite-Eyre at Warrens, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst

FRIDAY, 19 JUNE

Mrs. Rieben and Mrs. Bromley Davenport for Mrs. Rieben's twin granddaughters Miss Elinor and Miss Isabella Seely at Wentworth Golf Club, Surrey

SATURDAY, 20 JUNE

Mrs. Guy Moreton for Miss Lavinia Moreton at Pickenham Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk  
Mrs. Warlow-Harry for Miss Hilary Warlow-Harry at Westfields, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire

MONDAY, 22 JUNE

Mrs. Hugh Barton for Miss Susannah Barton at the Savoy

TUESDAY, 23 JUNE

Lady Howard de Walden for the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis at Hurlingham Club  
Mrs. Timothy Ellis for her daughter Miss Susan Orde at Bedford House, Chiswick Mall (kindly lent by Sir Arthur Ellis)

WEDNESDAY, 24 JUNE

Lady Jean Philipps, Lady Katharine Nicholson and Lady Barbara Hurst for Miss Georgina Philipps, Miss Emma Nicholson and Miss Elizabeth Hurst in London

THURSDAY, 25 JUNE

Mrs. Delmé Radcliffe for Miss Milet Radcliffe at Hitchin Priory, Hitchin

FRIDAY, 26 JUNE

Mrs. W. D. Keown-Boyd and Mrs. G. De Pree for Miss Jennifer Keown-Boyd and Miss Jane De Pree at The Grange, Plaxtol, Kent

SATURDAY, 27 JUNE

Mrs. Pinney for Miss Veronica Pinney at Staplefield Court, Haywards Heath

TUESDAY, 30 JUNE

Lady des Voeux for Miss Jane des Voeux at the Hyde Park Hotel

WEDNESDAY, 1 JULY

Mrs. Philip Oppenheimer for Miss Valerie Oppenheimer at Park Place, Englefield Green, Surrey

THURSDAY, 2 JULY

Mrs. Alan Palmer for her niece Miss Carol Harbord, and Mrs. James Dance for Miss Gillian Dance in London  
Mrs. Eric Dugdale for Miss Rose Dugdale in London

TUESDAY, 7 JULY

Mrs. Tallock Hubbard and Mrs. Kenneth Rampling for Miss Caroline Hubbard and Miss Madeleine Rampling at Quaglino's

WEDNESDAY, 8 JULY

Mrs. Harry Elliott and Mrs. Edward Mockler for their daughters Miss Elizabeth Pinney and Miss Suzanne Mockler at Londonderry House

THURSDAY, 9 JULY

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava for the coming-of-age of her son the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava at the Hurlingham Club  
Mrs. Weisweiler for her granddaughter Miss Shanet Fitzpatrick at Claridge's

FRIDAY, 10 JULY

The Duchess of Norfolk for her débutante daughters Lady Mary and Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard and the coming of age of Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard at Arundel Castle, Sussex

SATURDAY, 11 JULY

Mrs. Richard Stafford for Miss Veronica Stafford at Cherrys, Woldingham, Surrey

TUESDAY, 14 JULY

Mrs. George Bradford for Miss Penelope Bradford and the coming of age of Mr. Jeremy Bradford in London

WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY

Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin for her daughter Miss Carolyn-Peta Stocker and Mrs. A. O. Hutchison for her stepdaughter Miss Caroline Hutchison at 48 Springfield Road, N.W.8

THURSDAY, 16 JULY

Mrs. Hugh Wontner for Miss Jenifer Wontner at the Savoy

FRIDAY, 17 JULY

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Richardson, Mrs. Worsfold McClenaghan and Mrs. James Groves for their daughters Miss Penelope Going, Miss Jane Gaunt and Miss Penelope Groves at Ashe Warren House, Overton, Hampshire

SATURDAY, 18 JULY

Mrs. Eddie Tyler, barbecue dance for Miss Virginia Tyler at The River Pavilion, Cliveden, Bucks  
Mrs. Stuart Pitman and Mrs. John Pitman for Miss Celia Pitman and Miss Lavinia Pitman at Eastcourt House, Nr. Malmesbury, Wiltshire

FRIDAY, 24 JULY

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland for his niece Miss Lindy Guinness at Belvoir Castle, Grantham  
Lady Reckitt for her step-granddaughter Miss Mary Maxwell, and Mrs. De Worms for Miss Anne De Worms, in Essex

SATURDAY, 25 JULY

Mrs. Clowes for Miss Susan Richardson at Heydon Hall, Norfolk (kindly lent by Lady Rawlinson)

SATURDAY, 15 AUGUST

Mrs. Percy Legard for Miss Annabel Legard at Leat House, Malton, Yorkshire

SATURDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

Lady Ropner for Miss Virginia Ropner at Thorpe Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire

FRIDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black for Miss Sally Stuart Black in Scotland

[continued on page 712]



# AUTUMN FOG

*fails to keep the guests away from the Bal  
d'Automne held at Quaglino's to help refugees*

Desmond O'Neill



Left: Fraulein Sanny Schittkowsky of Munich, modelling one of the evening gowns in the fashion show at the ball. Among the débutantes who were models for the evening were (centre) Miss Sarah Plunket, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Alexandra Versen and (right) Miss Elfrida Eden. The ball helped distressed gentlefolk in Kent as well as refugees

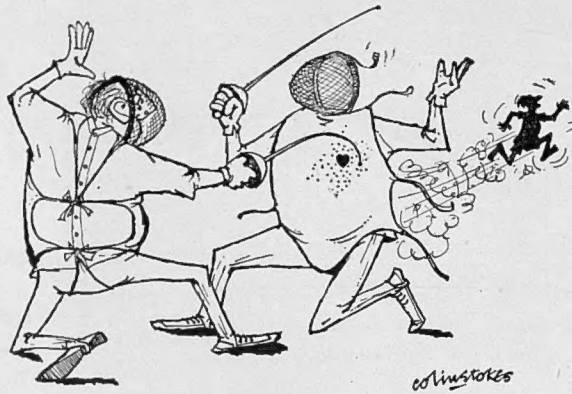
Mrs. M. de Marffy Mantuano and  
Mrs. M. Hitchcock ran the tombola



Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Dorey (he is on  
the International Arbitration Com-  
mission) and Mrs. James Chaplin



## STOKES JOKES



WEDNESDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

*Lady Lovat for her daughter the Hon. Fiona Fraser, Lady Nutting for her granddaughter Miss Davina Nutting, and Mrs. Boyd for her granddaughter Miss Susan Clowes at Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire*

SATURDAY, 19 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Stuart Don and Mrs. Tom Wills (small dance) for Miss Virginia Don and Miss Olda Wills at The Hays, Ramsden, Oxfordshire*

SATURDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER

*Mrs. Harry Birkbeck for Miss Fiona Birkbeck at Westacre High House, Castleacre, King's Lynn*

SATURDAY, 3 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Bill Curling for Miss Belinda Curling at Conford Park Farm, Liphook, Hampshire*  
*Mrs. Fulford for her daughter Miss Judy Persse at Fulford near Exeter*

FRIDAY, 9 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Longland for Miss Julia Longland in London*

SATURDAY, 10 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Jack Speed for Miss Marietta Speed at Knowlton Court, Nr. Canterbury*

THURSDAY, 15 OCTOBER

*Mrs. Norman Butler for Miss Catherine Butler at Dartmouth House*

WEDNESDAY, 9 DECEMBER

*Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan for Miss Victoria Vaughan in London*

### Married in the evening

A wedding at 5.30 p.m. is much more convenient for guests (especially those who are working) than the more usual 2.30 p.m. ceremony. Miss Judy Gillson wisely chose the later hour when she married Mr. Charles Doughty, only son of Mr. Charles Doughty, Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Doughty, at St. Margaret's, Westminster (picture, page 708). The church looked beautiful in the soft evening light with large vases of white lilies, white lilac and pink poinsettias.

The bride, who is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Anthony Gillson & Comtesse Guy de la Frégonnière, was given away by her stepfather Comte Guy de la Frégonnière and looked attractive in a beautiful wedding dress made by Norman Hartnell. It was of white pearl-embroidered faille with a matching bolero and a train. Her tulle veil was held in place by an exquisite diamond tiara in a floral design.

The six bridesmaids, Miss Alice Doughty, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Louise Corben-Brown, Miss Georgina Greville, Miss Jill

Maxwell, Miss Judith Power and Miss Vera Boissevain, wore Empire-line dresses of silver net over gold satin with gold bows in their hair.

After the ceremony the bride's mother, chic in a mink coat over a kingfisher blue chiffon dress and osprey hat to match, held a reception at Quaglino's new ballroom, where guests also enjoyed a buffet supper and dancing. The bridegroom's parents, Mrs. Doughty wearing a long Wedgwood blue velvet coat over a silk dress of the same shade and a big hat to match, received the guests with Comte & Comtesse de la Frégonnière. After the bride had cut the wedding cake Mr. Dick Warden, a close friend of the bride's father, proposed the health of the young couple with an amusing short speech to which the bridegroom replied even more briefly.

### Guests from Ontario

Among those who came to wish the couple happiness were the bridegroom's step-grandmother Sylvia Lady Doughty, the tall Agent-General for Ontario Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong & Mrs. Armstrong, the Earl of Warwick, Mr. & Mrs. Tres Morton and their son Hugh, and the Hon. Frederick & Mrs. Hennessy whom I met talking to Mrs. Jean Garland, attractive in black. Sir Duncan & Lady Orr-Lewis were there, the latter in a striking ensemble of a long gold satin coat with a cartwheel hat.

Other guests included Olive Countess Fitzwilliam and her daughter Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, Col. & Mrs. Archie Crabbe down from Scotland talking to Mrs. Alan Butler, Sir Brian & Lady Mountain and their younger son Nicholas, Mrs. Denis Mountain (who told me her husband was ill with glandular fever), Mr. & Mrs. Terence Morrison Scott, and Mrs. Edward Barford, who also came alone as her husband has a bad eye.

Princess Djordjodze and Mrs. Ronald

Colman were there, both looking glamorous, and I also saw Mr. & Mrs. Michael Wentworth, Mr. & Mrs. James Dugdale just off to Paris to see his daughter Miss Judy Dugdale who is social secretary to Lady Jebb, Mr. "Rip" & the Hon. Mrs. Bissill, and Mrs. Charles Hill; also Miss Mardie Madden, Mr. Tony Russell, Miss Jennifer Anderson, and Mr. Nick Ackroyd who were among the large number of young friends who enjoyed this late wedding.

### First-night nerves

The audience laughed continuously at Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Williams's latest comedy *The Grass Is Greener* at the St. Martin's Theatre. The joint author plays the lead as an earl with Celia Johnson, Joan Greenwood, Edward Underdown and Moray Watson to support him—an exceptionally good cast. Mrs. Hugh Williams was in the audience, but suffering (as many authors do) from first-night nerves, was quietly standing at the back of the dress circle.

Also in the audience that night were Lord Harcourt, Lady Laycock, the Countess of Beatty with Mr. Thomas & Lady Elizabeth Clyde, Mrs. Edward Underdown and her parents Sir Robert & Lady Grimston, Mr. & Mrs. Colin Lesslie, the Hon. Max & Mrs. Aitken (the latter looking beautiful in red satin), Viscount Chelsea, Mr. Simon Kimmins (whose sister Miss Verena Kimmins is deputy stage manager of the production), Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro and Evelyn Laye with her husband Frank Lawton, who watched the performance from a box with Miss Anna Deere Wiman and Trevor Howard.

### Lifeboatmen sold programmes

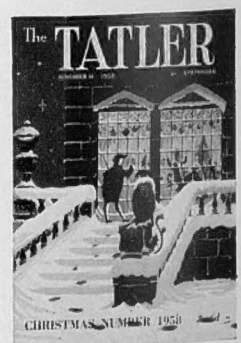
From here I went on to the Savoy where the annual Life-boat Ball was in full swing. Men of the life-boats wearing their navy blue jerseys and red woollen caps sold the lucky programmes. There were some wonderful prizes on the tombola (which was doing a roaring trade) and soon after my arrival there was a cabaret.

The first person I met was Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who had given a Sealyham puppy to be auctioned. Lady Macneal was the hard-working chairman of the ball this year; the vice-chairmen were Countess Howe in blue, who had a big party, Lady Bird who was in red satin, Lady Bowden who with Sir Frank Bowden had another big party, Mrs. Alexander Eddy (whose husband has been seriously ill for the past couple of months), Mrs. M. J. Montgomery, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Dino Daponte, Mrs. Dominick Sarsfield,

[continued on page 714]

Who is  
the most  
harassed  
man of  
the season?

According to Caryl Brahms, it's the impresario. She paints a skilful and entertaining pen-portrait of him in the Christmas Number of *The Tatler*, price 3s. 6d. For sending overseas: 4s. including postage (or \$1.25 for U.S. and Canada), plus a greetings card to say the gift comes from you.







Van Hallan

Buyers study a racehorse in the ring at Newmarket

## The Newmarket sales

MORE THAN 1,000 RACEHORSES GO  
 UP FOR AUCTION IN FIVE DAYS

Mr. George Forbes with Miss Jacqueline Hylton, housewoman daughter of Mr. Jack Hylton



Racehorse breeder Sir William Rowley with his wife. They live at Widdington House, Essex



Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort (he trains the Queen's horses) with Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, Bt.



Banker Mr. Arpad Plesch and his wife with the colt by Coaltown which he bought at the sales



Right: Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall (of the Anglo-Irish Agency), Mr. George Galbreath (a buyer from the United States) and Sir John Musker



Left: The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry with her husband accompanied by Mrs. Brian Gething



**Miss Diana Roselle Afford to Mr. John R. P. Sabin:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. Afford, The Gables, Middleton, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. P. Sabin, Holworth Cottage, Angmering



**Miss Rosemary Joy Clark to Mr. C. H. Harvey Prince:** She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Clark, Tilehurst-on-Thames, Berks. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Prince, Epsom, Surrey

**Miss Susan Wemyss-McCallum to Lt. David Lermite, R.N.:** She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Colin Wemyss-McCallum, Westaway, Godalming, Surrey. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. L. R. Lermite, Coombe Cottage, Ashted

Mrs. S. M. Wickham and Mrs. George Trypanis vivacious and chic in black. She also had a big party.

Among others at the ball were Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn, Lord & Lady Kilmarnock who were in Sir Harold & Lady Bowden's party, and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Hopwood in Mr. & Mrs. George Trypanis's party. This party also included Miss Pat Ross, an attractive American girl who has come to live here with her stepfather and mother, Mr. & Mrs. Harold Wilkinson.

Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey were in Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Wontner's party, and I also saw Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Lord & Lady Fairfax, Rear Admiral G. C. Ross, Mr. & Mrs. Dick Freemantle, and Miss Roddy Warren Pearl dancing with Mr. Jimmy Riddell.

After midnight many of the guests went downstairs where a small ballroom had been transformed into the "Davy Jones' Locker Nightclub" and here I found Noel Harrison giving a good cabaret, for which he received many encores. This was largely the work of the Junior Committee with Mrs. Dino Daponte as president, the Earl & Countess of Coventry and Lord May vice-presidents, and Miss Joanna Hirsch and Miss Rosslyn Bain joint vice-chairmen.

#### A fête on two floors

The Diplomatic Corps in London rallied in a splendid manner for the International Fête at Park Lane House in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Two floors of this fine house were filled with stalls carrying goods not only from Great Britain and the Commonwealth, but also specialities from nearly 20 foreign countries. I bought an enchanting pair of Russian bear musicians carved in wood from the U.S.S.R.

Going round the stalls I met friends from many of the Embassies, also Countess Mountbatten of Burma making various purchases, the Canadian High Commissioner & Mrs. George Drew, Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill, the latter had been working indefatigably for the fête. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, chairman of the Foreign Relief Committee, Mrs. Anthony Nutting (who works at the headquarters of the fund every morning), and Countess Jellicoe, chairman of the fête. She works untiringly for the

fund which does so much for children all over the world. (Photographs on p. 717)

#### A countess at a tombola

Another successful charity affair was the Snow Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Lady Chesham was the able chairman, with Countess Attlee, Miss Monica Michell, Mrs. Tom Page and the Marchioness of Normanby vice-presidents. Countess Attlee and Miss Michell had worked especially hard, and during the evening were untiring at the tombola, finding the prizes. Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Mayson and the Hon. John & Mrs. Siddeley were other members of the committee working hard at the ball.

Earl Attlee was there and with his wife dined in Lord & Lady Chesham's party, which also included Mr. R. H. Hyde-Thomson (joint-chairman of the Fund) and his wife, Col. Hendrie Oakshott, M.P., and his charming wife, Major Derek & Lady Elizabeth Hornsby, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Parsons, Mr. Peter Heaton, Earl Bathurst and Miss Rose Lycett Green. At other tables I saw Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter in Mrs. Tom Page's party, Mr. & Mrs. Ivanovic who were in a party with Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Macmillan and Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael.

Also Mr. & Mrs. Struan Robertson who had a party of young friends (he was off, he told me, by air to the U.S. in the morning), Mr. Wilton Todd, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Hyde-Thomson, Viscountess Tarbat, Mr. Teddy Clifford Smith and young Mr. & Mrs. David Gow.

A tremendous number of young people were at the ball. Lord & Lady Chesham's daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, looking pretty in blue, had a big party, and others dancing gaily all the evening included Mr. John Adams and his sister Miss Gillian Adams, Miss Belinda Loyd, Miss Evelyn Palmers, Miss Diana and Miss Patricia Wagner, Miss Felicity Ann Hall, Mr. David Buchan, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, and Mr. Alastair Robinson. (Pictures opposite.)

Miss Dorice Stainer is holding her annual children's party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies and Children, at the Hyde Park Hotel, on 6 January from 3 to 6.30 p.m. Tickets 12s. 6d. each from Miss Stainer, Hurst Lodge, Sunningdale, Berkshire.



**Miss Marjorie Ann Hay Smith to Mr. Alan A. W. Waddell:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Smith, Lauder Road, Edinburgh. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Waddell, Clevedon Gardens, Glasgow





Colonel & Mrs. Russell Weilenman (he retired from the U.S. Army to farm at Tendring, Essex) with the Hon. Richard Haden-Guest (son of Lord Haden-Guest)

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Haden-Guest, the Hon. John Siddeley (son of Lord Kenilworth) and Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro



Van Hallen



Lady Chesham (chairman of the ball) and Mrs. Vera Biggs



Mr. Alan Morris, Miss Tessa Milne and Mr. Jeremy Graffey-Smith. The ball, an annual event, was held at the Dorchester and helped the United Appeal for the Blind



A giant snowball, above the ballroom floor, released a cascade of table tennis balls on the dancers at midnight

## The Snow Ball to help the blind, guests dance under a SNOWBALL

### SEALYHAM

auctioned at the Life-boat Ball held at the Savoy to help the RNLI

A. V. Swaebe



Mr. John Hignett (son of R. A. Hignett, the sculptor), Miss A. Robertson, Miss N. Rekstin and Mr. A. Mulligan (the Ireland rugby cap)



Sara Curzon (daughter of the Right Hon. Earl Howe) holds up a Sealyham puppy, given for auction by Sir Jocelyn Lucas. With her is Susan Daponte, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. Daponte



Mr. Michael Savage (he has just come down from Cambridge), Miss Patricia Sworder and Miss Anne Leonard



Mr. Charles Wainman (one of the syndicate which built the yacht Sceptre) with Countess St. Aldwyn

# PAINTERS *launch a portrait exhibition*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS GAVE A PARTY  
FOR ABOUT 500 AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES



Mr. James Gunn (as the president of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters he received the guests) with Lady Munnings



Lord Hastings with Mr. Edward Halliday whose portrait of Prince Philip is hung in the exhibition



Lady George Scott (she is a painter herself) with Virginia Marchioness of Northampton

Miss Rene Ray, Mrs. Philip Lambe and Lord Middleton



Van Hallen



Lord Evans (Physician to the Queen since 1952) and his wife

# DIPLOMATS

*attend a Christmas fair*

PREVIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL  
FÊTE AT PARK LANE HOUSE

Van Hallan



Below: Mme. Chauvel (the French Ambassador's wife) and M. Jacques Pouchard (a counsellor at the French Embassy)

Above: The Belgian Ambassador (M. Rene Van Meerbeke) with Mme. H. Cools and Baroness de Gerlache de Gomery



The Burmese Ambassador (U Aung Soe), Miss Yin Yin Waing, Mme. Aung Soe and Miss Than Than Nyein



The High Commissioner for South Africa (Dr. J. E. Holloway) and his wife. Gifts were set out on national stalls like this one



Sir Leslie & Lady Rowan. He is one of the Second Secretaries at the Treasury

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe. Diplomats gave the articles sold at the fair which was organized by the Save the Children Fund







This article defies description.

The only explanatory note possible  
is that SPIKE MILLIGAN wrote it,  
and that he has recently been  
on a visit to Australia

## Gone fishing!

HELLO, HAPPY TATLER READERS—AND, for those old dears with bad eyesight, HELLO! Such an original greeting could only come from a literary giant; yes, it's old Ten-foot Milligan, six of 'em with boots on. (Hoi! First joke.) Ah, dear readers, can't you feel the best is yet to come . . . ?

Well, now to the dull part: there is, somewhere in the steaming bush of Australia, a waterside town called Woy Woy (woy it is called Woy Woy Ioy will never know). It was founded 2,000 years ago by the lyric Roman poet Terence, but gained no favour until Australians landed there in 1787 with Captain Fred Cook, the then leading agent for Cook's tours. These were steadily gaining favour with rich convicts, who took the waters of Woy Woy in preference to the penal settlement that charged them ten bob a night for bed, breakfast and hanging.

Nowadays, the Old Prison has been turned into a first-class hotel with a service that any Michelin guide would be only to pleased to condemn. Built of local stone, it also has a local floor and a local ceiling; buses pass the door and aeroplanes pass the roof. It was to

this hotel I was sent on a recommendation. "Go there, son, the fishing is wonderful," said the ABC manager, pocketing the last of my bribes for the radio series.

From Sydney Central, I caught a steam vehicle, on whose sides could faintly be seen the legend *James Watt*. For two hours it dragged the carriages through breathtaking scenery, asphyxiating tunnels, and a structure that I swear was a replica of the original Tay Bridge. Before crossing, we were all handed a lifebelt and a pamphlet on "How to resuscitate the apparently drowned, and how to drown the apparently resuscitated." (Try singing the next bit; it relieves the boredom and helps colonic irrigation.) I arrived at Woy Woy soot-black, clutching a banjo, but unharmed save for a skirmish with a dishonest inspector, who forced me to buy a ticket and a length of cheap suiting.

Next morning, with the sun streaming through the holes in my underpants, I left the hotel and, armed with string, straw hat, a hook, a photo of Isaac Walton and the plans of a fish, made my way to the water-side. As I walked on to the olldddddd creaking wood jetty, the warm green waters

spread out before me, still and calm, broken only by an occasional fish mouthing an O at the surface. All was peace, save for the roar of bulldozers starting work on the Australian end of the Cromwell Road extension and the crash of the mighty bauxite factory that discharges all its nuclear waste into the quiet green waters.

Realizing I was not alone, I donned my trousers. On the end of the jetty sat a gnarled old fisherman, whose yellow float bobbed hypnotically on the sunlit water. (It's all lies about that bauxite factory and the bulldozers; I just put it in to give the article bulk.)

At my approach the fisherman looked up. He had the finest broken nose I'd ever seen; no matter which way he looked he always appeared to be in profile (OK, stop singing now). I started the conversation with a typical fisherman's remark: "Had any luck today?" "Yea, my wife broke her leg." I baited my hook, and keeping my eye glued to the instruction book, whirled the line round my head and let go . . . Splasssssshhh.

"That your hat floating on the water?" he asked, with a leer on his face.

"Yes, must have caught the hook in it." By cutting the brim away I managed to remove the hook, and thus, wearing a wet mutilated hat, I continued fishing.

"What bait you using?" he asked.

"Sausages."

"You won't catch anything with them."

"Well they caught me, I paid a quid for 'em!"

"Here, let me fix you a bait." He threaded a prawn on my hook and ate the sausages.

The afternoon wore on, the novelty wore off, and then I felt a nibble on the bait! I pulled the prawn up—thank heaven, it was safe! To make sure no other fish got it I threw rocks into the water. By keeping up this vigilance till dusk, I preserved the prawn intact. By now my broken-nosed neighbour had caught some 20 black fish.

Before he departed he said: "I ain't never seen you around here before."

"No," I said, "I'm from London; I came over to write some comêdy shows for radio."

Slowly, very slowly, he said: "Which comedy show?"

"The Goon Show," I said proudly. . . .

It was dark when I regained consciousness, and a policeman stood over me with a torch.

"What happened?" he inquired, picking up the loose teeth that lay around me.

"I was struck down, constable, struck down in my prime by a man who forced me to admit I wrote the Goon Show."

The policeman shone his torch closer. "You Spike Milligan?" he said softly.

"I am. . . ."

It was sunrise when I recovered consciousness again. I could hear the sound of shovels at work. I sat up. "Blast," said one of the shovellers, "he's come to." And he started to fill the hole in.

"Don't worry son, you're safe now." It was my father; he uncrossed my arms and started to rub brandy into my knees, sipping every measure to make sure it wasn't poisoned. Mother held up my fishing rod: "Look, he caught a prawn," she said.

"That's my boy," said father, staring up the neck of the empty bottle.

I made a hurried calculation. . . . There were only 72 shopping days to Christmas!





## Puccini's night out at the Duke of York's

It led to *One Fine Day* and the world's best-known opera. On the eve of Puccini's centenary the story of his London exploits is told

by PATRICK HUGHES

IT HAS BEEN OBVIOUS SINCE 1893 OR THEREABOUTS, when he wrote the first of his half dozen internationally successful operas, that the centenary of Puccini's birth would probably rate some sort of celebration in 1958. But it is odd what a sudden surprise it is now that we've come to it. One half of the world cannot remember a time when "One Fine Day" and "Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen" were not "classics" and is astonished to be told that the man who wrote them should have been born only 100 years ago. The other half is equally astonished to discover that a composer who drove fast cars and speedboats, and derived a fabulous income from the performance of these same "classics" through the medium of such recent inventions as gramophone records and radio, should really be having a centenary so soon.

I belong to both these worlds: on the one hand, I cannot recall a time when Musetta's Waltz Song was not a long-established classic; on the other, I am able to remember the sight of the extremely *chic* and far-from-ageing figure of the composer in the streets of Vienna in 1923. I belong to a generation to whom it seemed quite natural that Puccini should refer in his letters to what he called his "Roll Roice" and his "syde-car." He was very much the child of the growing mechanical age; perhaps it is one of the signs of age that it all seems such a little while ago.

If Puccini, like any foreigner, had trouble with spelling the English language, he had even more trouble speaking it. Despite repeated visits to London between 1894, when he came here to attend the first Covent Garden performance of *Manon Lescaut*, and 1920 (four years before his death) Puccini mastered little more, he said, than "the numbers up to ten and one or two addresses for cab drivers." Of London itself he said: "It has a movement which it is as impossible to describe as the language is to acquire. A city of splendid women, beautiful amusements and altogether fascinating."

In some ways Puccini's lack of English proved something of a blessing. One of his early visits to England took him to Manchester for the first English performance (Manchester hearing today what London didn't hear until a whole season later) of *La Bohème*. It was a wet, cold, foggy April excursion during which Puccini shaved off half his moustache to cheer things up and embarrassed his travelling companion, the son of his publisher. The performance of the opera was given in English by the Carl Rosa Company in a translation (by Messrs. Grist and Pinkerton) that included such gems of English as: "Surely miracles apocalyptic are dawning," "See I a fire here?" and "Forth from each nest comes a murmur of birdlets."

*continued on page 722*

Puccini—one of the illustrations to a new biography by Mosco Carner, published by Duckworth to mark the composer's centenary on 2 December. Special performances of his last opera *Turandot* at Covent Garden and La Scala, Milan, will also honour the date. Another coming book is Puccini's Famous Operas by Spike Hughes, author of this article—the "Patrick" in his by-line avoids confusion with another Spike (see opposite page) and, besides, he prefers the name

## BRIGGS by Graham





## NEWS PORTRAITS

**CHRISTMAS** Lord John Manners bought six turkeys as pets five years ago because they were such beautiful birds. Now he and his brother, the Duke of Rutland, own Belvoir Turkey Farms, Ltd., producing 18,000 turkeys for this Christmas. Next year they hope to have up to 40,000 birds. The turkeys are raised on the estate near the Duke's home, Belvoir Castle, Leics

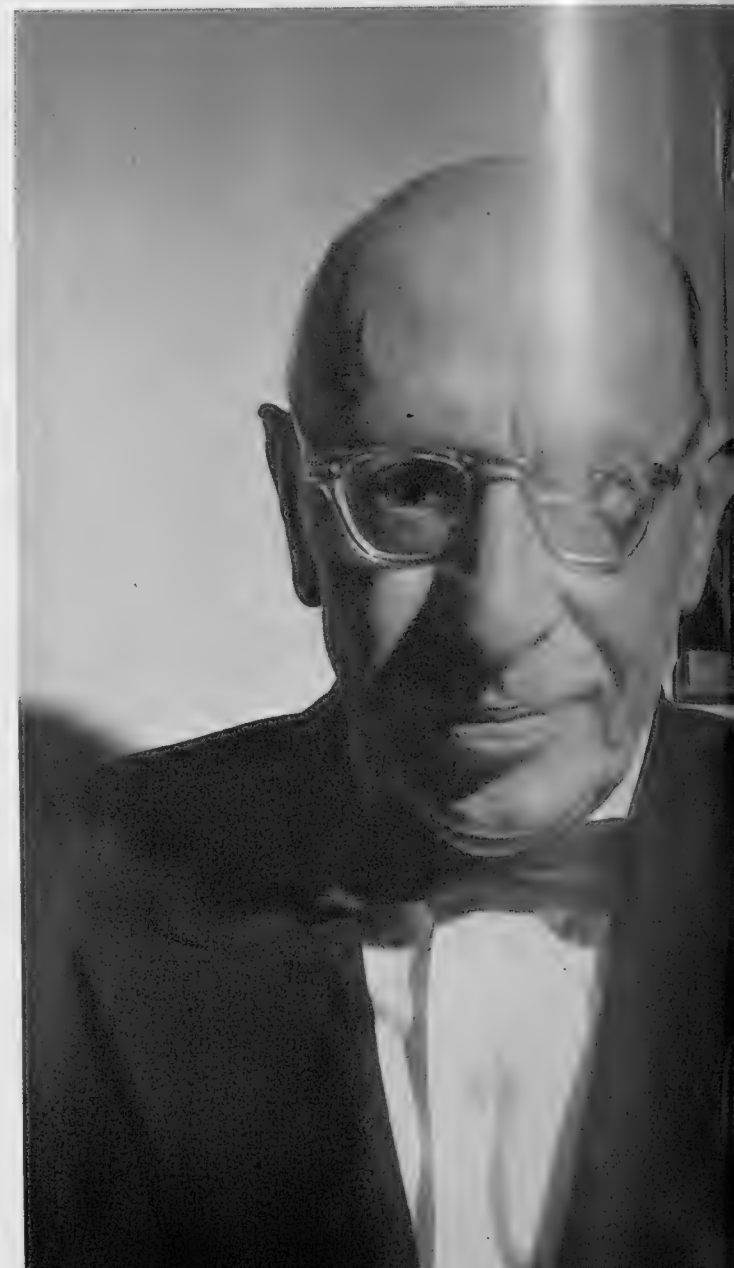
Raymond



**COMPOSER** Igor Stravinsky, the famous Russian-born American composer, conducted his own works at a Festival Hall concert by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on Wednesday. This has been his first visit to Britain since 1954 when he received the Royal Philharmonic Society's Gold Medal. In the photograph (in the office of Faber & Faber) is a bust of T. S. Eliot by Epstein



**COLLECTOR** Mr. Raymond Barnett, the harpsichordist, built up a collection of antique toys that is now on show for the first time at the Victoria & Albert Museum which acquired the collection in 1954. Here is Mr. Barnett with some of the toys. The tiny German-made train (*foreground*) of about 1840 stayed unsold in its original box until he came across it in a Tewkesbury shop in 1941





## Priscilla

WRITES HER MONTHLY ROUND-UP FROM PARIS WITH  
NEWS OF THE SHOWS, THE BOOKS AND THE BRIGHT  
SPOTS THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT



Alan Vines



Mark Gerson

"IT IS FORBIDDEN to descend upon the ice" (or, in the vernacular, *Défense de descendre sur la glace*)—not that the ice on the little ornamental lake of the *Champs de Mars* was any thicker than boiled milk skin. The "No Skating" board that startled the ducks one damp and foggy morning may have been a minor official's gesture of authority or somebody's idea of a joke! We were NOT amused. It aroused nostalgic dreams of a White Christmas, and life is too hectic for nostalgia to be encouraged.

What with the elections last month and our Christmas presents still to buy, we have been busy. Thanks be for the *Goncourt*, *Femina*, *Interallié*, *Renaudot* and other literary prizes that are awarded in time to solve some of the perplexities of gift giving! It is fairly safe to give a book-that-people-are-talking-about to a book-loving friend. If she receives other copies she can always pass them on. Easy to pack and send by post. The expenditure is reasonable, though this year *L'Empire Céleste* by Françoise Mallet-Joris (which has won the *Femina* prize) runs to almost 400 pages. It costs 1,200 francs—plus the luxury tax. That works out at more than a guinea.

This particular "Celestial Empire" has nothing to do with the land that Pearl Buck's admirers might imagine. It is a small restaurant in the Montparnasse quarter. Its strange fauna is described by Françoise Mallet-Joris, who has a startling faculty for writing of the Monstrous and the Forbidden (sweet are the uses of capital letters!) with equanimity. This is her fifth novel, though (like another famous Françoise) she is so young. In her duffle coat, with her blue eyes and fair pony-tail she looks less than her 26 years and it is difficult to believe she is the mother of three boys. The eldest is already as tall as her shoulder, the second is a hefty toddler. The baby arrived when she was finishing *L'Empire Céleste*. They make a noisy background for an author, so she does her writing at a *café*! This may explain her kaleidoscopic vision of life. . . .

Does anyone know what an *atomico-paranöiaque* cocktail is? I didn't when I read the invitation and I still don't now that I am safely home again. However, the *petits fours* were excellent and the taste of

the pale gold liquid, in which bathed an innocent-looking olive, was reassuring. The party took place—pleasantly though somewhat unseasonably—on the first platform of the Eiffel Tower. Our host was M. Joseph Foret, the proudly daring publisher of the Most Expensive Book in the world: Salvador Dali's sensationally illustrated *Don Quichotte*. The Master was present, complete with waxed mustachio and jewelled cane.

Among the guests were: the duc de Brissac, Gisèle d'Assailly, Fernand Gravey (who spells his name with a "t" when he is in England), H.E. Hector de Ayala (ambassador of Cuba), Prince Faucigny Lucinge, Arturo Lopez and Philippe de Rothschild.

Since the rue Bonaparte—known, in pre-Napoleonic days as the "street of the Iron Pot"—is within ambling distance of the Eiffel Tower, I went over to see Jean Cocteau's potteries at the Lucie Weill Gallery (open till the end of December). I had missed the Varnishing Day and was therefore spared the ecstatic burblings of an admiring crowd. The potteries will neither add to nor detract from Cocteau's many admirable achievements but (like Picasso's contribution to the Unesco building) why did he bother to do them?

The *Exposition Rétrospective* of André Lhote's work at the *Musée National d'Art Moderne* (avenue President Wilson) is interesting. His paintings, water-colours, crayons and illustrations are comfortably expressive of an artist who has never tried to startle the critics and yet who has managed to do so . . . but no tongue, no cheek!

All the children of Paris will be taken to the *Musée du Costume* (in the same avenue) during the holidays to see the charming collection of Second Empire costumes, crinolines, pantalettes, pork-pie hats and furbelows. The highlight of the exhibition being the dainty groups of wax figures representing the *Petites Fille Modèles*, the *Malheurs de Sophie*, *General Dourakine* and other famous characters of the *Bibliothèque Rose*. This is a celebration. A hundred years have passed since the Comtesse de Ségur, née Rostopeshine, wrote the first of the stories that have delighted so many children.

continued on page 722

## PUCCINI

[continued from page 719]

The composer mercifully understood not a word.

Puccini's ignorance of English also came in useful on his visit for the first Covent Garden performance of *Tosca* in the summer of 1900. It was then that he was taken to the Duke of York's Theatre to see a play by David Belasco. Friends thought it might interest him as a possible operatic subject. Belasco's play was an adaptation of a novelette by the American writer John Luther Long, and Puccini—even if he had known English well—would have been hard put to make much of the pidgin-American dialogue spoken by the Japanese heroine. She was, she said, "Mos' bes' happy female woman in Japan—mebby in that whole worl'," and asked questions like: "You naever seen no soach bebbly, I eggspeg? What you thing?"

What did Puccini "thing"? Just as he had first been impressed by *Tosca* as a play acted by Sarah Bernhardt in a language he didn't understand, so Puccini was moved by what he saw at the Duke of York's production of *Madame Butterfly*. His reaction and enthusiasm were immediate, and so far as Cho-Cho-San was concerned it is certain that he naever seen no soach bebbly like her, I eggspeg.

The other Belasco play that Puccini used as the subject of an opera was *The Girl of the Golden West*, which has never been as popular

as *Madam Butterfly* (the classy "Madame" was used in John Luther Long's title only.)

"*La Girl*," as Puccini called it, also had its English associations. It is dedicated to Queen Alexandra who, like her husband, was a devoted Puccini fan. (Edward VII's favourite of all operas was *La Bohème*; so was George V's.) Where the Italian title of "*La Girl*" is *La Fanciulla del West* and the French call it *La Fille du Far-West*, Queen Alexandra added her own confusing variant when, on sending the composer an elegant diamond and ruby pin, she thanked him for the dedication of what she called "The Girl of the Wild West."

In the years before World War One Puccini came to London often during the opera season. Most Covent Garden performances of *Tosca* filled him with horror; he called them his "executions." And he referred to Melba as the "centenarian"; he considered she went on singing Mimi too long. In fact, she was still singing Mimi after Puccini's death, when she was 67; the composer thought she should have stopped at least 15 years earlier. Notwithstanding, Puccini came to London on these seasonal visits and found that they provided an outlet for his high spirits.

At Pagani's restaurant in Great Portland Street (World War Two knocked that ancient monument for six), a table was regularly reserved for Puccini, Caruso, Scotti and Sir Paolo Tosti (knighted by Edward VII). This quartet might have come straight out of *La Bohème*, for it was

given to notorious ribaldry and practical joking. Caruso was the least easily controllable of the four and carried his obstreperous sense of fun into the opera house with him. During the last act of *La Bohème* at Covent Garden he brightened the performance one evening by sewing up the sleeves of Scotti's coat so that he couldn't put it on when he left the stage to fetch Mimi's medicine, while the singer playing Colline was prevented in the same scene from putting his hat on because Caruso had filled it with water.

The year after war ended Puccini returned to London on a visit that included one incident which might be regarded as establishing another musical link with the capital. He went to His Majesty's Theatre and saw one of the 2,238 consecutive performances given there between 1916 and 1921 of the lavishly staged musical show, *Chu Chin Chow*. There have been some who have gone so far as to suggest that this dolled-up version of *Ali Baba & the Forty Thieves* (I can't remember how the Chinese as well as all those real camels came into it, but at the age I saw the show from a nine-penny gallery seat it did not greatly matter) even had some influence on Puccini in his choice of a Chinese subject for his last, greatest and unfinished opera, *Turandot*.

A certain amount of weight was given to the theory of the influence of *Chu Chin Chow* on *Turandot* when I heard the first performance of this posthumous opera in Venice in 1926. And why not, when suddenly and loudly in a solemn moment during Act II the Emperor of China was introduced by a fanfare that was note-for-note the opening phrase of Oscar Asche's entrance song, "I am Chu Chin Chow of China?" Reflection, and a little simple research, of course, showed that Puccini and Frederick Norton, who wrote the score of *Chu Chin Chow*, had gone to the same Chinese source for their material.

Puccini's last visit to England was in 1920, to supervise the production of his three one-act operas, *Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica* and *Gianni Schicchi* at Covent Garden in one of Sir Thomas Beecham's enterprising seasons. Puccini insisted on reproducing in detail in *Suor Angelica* the cloisters of the Italian convent where his sister Iginia was Mother Superior. Neither Sir Thomas nor anybody else could prevent the opera being so staged that the action was invisible to all of one side of the auditorium.

One aspect of English life never ceased to puzzle him: the fetish of the Old School Tie. He could see no reason why he should not wear an Old Etonian tie one day, an Old Harrovian the next, a Brigade of Guards tie the day after. You could buy them in the shops and they were so pretty. In the end, in deference to our national susceptibility, he did not wear his collection of ties until he got back to Italy. Except one. He was devoted to the tie of the Rifle Brigade, which he insisted on wearing in London. It was attractive and he was a bit of a marksman himself, he said. Was he not, as he always claimed, "a passionate hunter of wildfowl, beautiful women and librettos?" How successful he was in his pursuit of the first two of these quarries in London, I do not know. But there is little doubt that in the chase which led him to the Duke of York's Theatre on an English summer evening he bagged a libretto for an opera that has enchanted more people than almost any other written.

## PRISCILLA

[continued from page 721]



Christmas decorations in Paris, outside the Samaritaine

Paris youngsters are well provided with entertainment this Christmas. There are three circuses (the Medrano, the *Cirque d'Hiver* and the *Cirque 58* at the Palais des Sports), three ice-skating rinks (the Palais de Glace, the Molitor open air and the St. Didier), the toy displays and the illuminations of the big stores and the fascinating, New Year *barraques* with their glittering, catchpenny wares that are set up along the boulevards.

A particularly cheerful and joyous spirit seems to be abroad this Christmas. The elections have made Paris feel gay. There is heavy booking of tables at cabarets and restaurants for the Reveillons of the 24th and 31st. Writing about night clubs is harassing. Between the moment when my notes are scribbled and the moment when

(spelling and punctuation duly corrected) they appear on this glossy page, new places crop up and old ones change hands. Happily there are fixtures—The Lido with its gorgeous floor show, the Mosambo with its exotic décor and atmosphere, Carroll's with Rudy Castell's dance orchestra and the Villa d'Este, run by Jacques Paoli.

For lovers of the Left Bank, there is the Scandia Club in the Latin Quarter. It is presided over by the blonde and statuesque Mme. Rasmussen. There are French as well as Scandinavian delicacies to eat, Scandinavian lovelies to admire and a witty show. Kam Lin's Chinese place in the rue de la Harpe has long been one I like but I have never sampled Christmas pudding there. "Gaby," who used to be a Left Bankist, has moved his Tagada over to the Acapulco restaurant on the *Esplanade des Invalides*. The personnel—from wine waiter to cloak-room attendant—provides the entertainment led by Gaby, who sings, dances, conducts the orchestra and at the same time sees to it that champagne flows at every table.

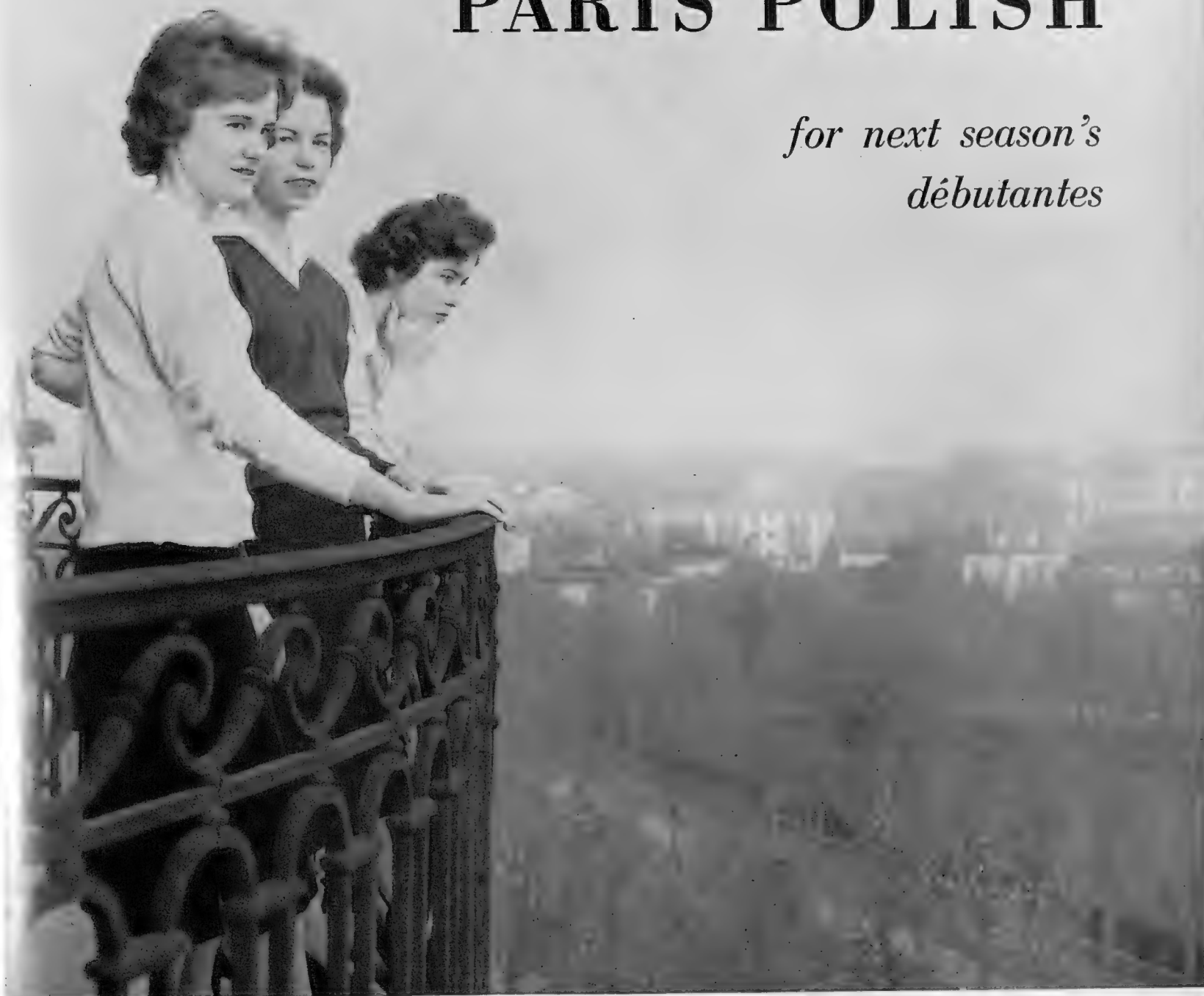
The 47 theatres of Paris—these do not include those subsidized by the Government—offer a wide selection of shows for the holidays but there are so many adaptations of British successes—from *The Constant Nymph* to the *Four Colonels*—that it is a little difficult to advise visitors from England. They had better wait till 15 January when Jean-Paul Sartre's new play is to be given at the Théâtre Antoine. Meanwhile the current favour of the crowd is for the cinema. Parisians are queuing up to see the first filmed classic made by almost the entire company of the *Comédiens français*. It is of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* by Molière, who must have been the Guity-Coward-Ustinov of his day.



*The*

# PARIS POLISH

*for next season's  
débutantes*



## *A picture report from the finishing schools*

*by* BETTY SWAEBE

ABOVE: Looking out over Paris from a balcony at Mme. Harel-Darc's school are Lady Gillian Pepys, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, Judy Nixon, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Nixon of Worplesdon, Surrey, and Anthea Seymour, daughter of Mrs. Leo Seymour of Bishop's Stortford

DURING my few days in Paris I managed to visit three schools as well as taking out some day girls who live with families. (These girls, most of whom study at either the Sorbonne or Mlle. Anita's, accompanied me on a short trip round Paris, watching fishing on the Seine and visiting the colourful bird market.) My first call was at the Comtesse de la Calle's school, which is in a villa near the Bois de Boulogne. Then I went to Mme. Boué's "Study Home" (see page 705) in a large and comfortable apartment at Auteuil, and later out to Neuilly to visit Mme. Harel-Darc's well-equipped establishment.

At Neuilly there are two differences from the other schools: fewer students (only seven while I was there, but Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard had gone home after an operation), and a more specialized curriculum. Mme. Harel-Darc concentrates on the artistic side—the study [continued overleaf]

Norman Eales



of art, history, architecture, French décor and antiques. Students are sometimes taken to Burgundy to see Norman and Gothic buildings. Mme. Harel-Dare is a friendly person and treats her pupils as her own family. In the evenings she sometimes joins them in a game of canasta.

The curricula at the Comtesse de la Calle's school and at Mme. Boué's are much the same: several hours of French language and literature most days, sewing, cooking and drawing, and frequent outings to museums and places of interest. Sports, too, of course—skating, tennis, swimming, and fencing for any who want it. There are 17 girls studying with the Comtesse de la Calle and I watched them at work. Unfortunately I had to miss the comtesse this year, as she was in bed recovering from a slight accident. I was

*continued on page 726*

**Right: COOKERY practice for Susan Cope-Thompson, Jenny Birkin, daughter of Sir Charles Birkin, and Lady Susanna Montgomerie, the elder daughter of the Earl of Eglinton & Winton (Comtesse de la Calle's)**

**DRESSMAKING: A fitting for Victoria Buckston, daughter of Mrs. R. H. R. Buckston, helped by Diane Lillingston, daughter of Mrs. R. Bradford Myles (Comtesse de la Calle's)**



**FENCING at the Comtesse de la Calle's school: Denise Coles of Chipping Campden**



*The* PARIS POLISH *continued*

## *The serious side*



SKETCHING by Susan Cope-Thompson, daughter of Mrs. H. Cope-Thompson of Grosvenor Square. Painting and visits to museums are included in the curriculum

Right: READING in her room is the Hon. Jane Pearson, daughter of Viscount Cowdray & Anne Lady Cowdray. Art and architecture are emphasized at Mme. Harel-Darc's



Left: ART LESSON by Mme. Harel-Darc for Sarah-Jane Trusted, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Trusted, Anthea Seymour, Diana Calvert, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Calvert, Ann Shafto, daughter of Countess Howe, Lady Gillian Pepys, Judy Dixon and the Hon. Jane Pearson

Above: FRENCH LESSON at Mme Boué's for Jill Gough, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. P. H. Gough, Threave Collart, daughter of Col. & Mrs. A. T. Collart, Fiona Macfarlane and Penelope Ford, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Ford. The teacher (standing) is Mlle. Claudie





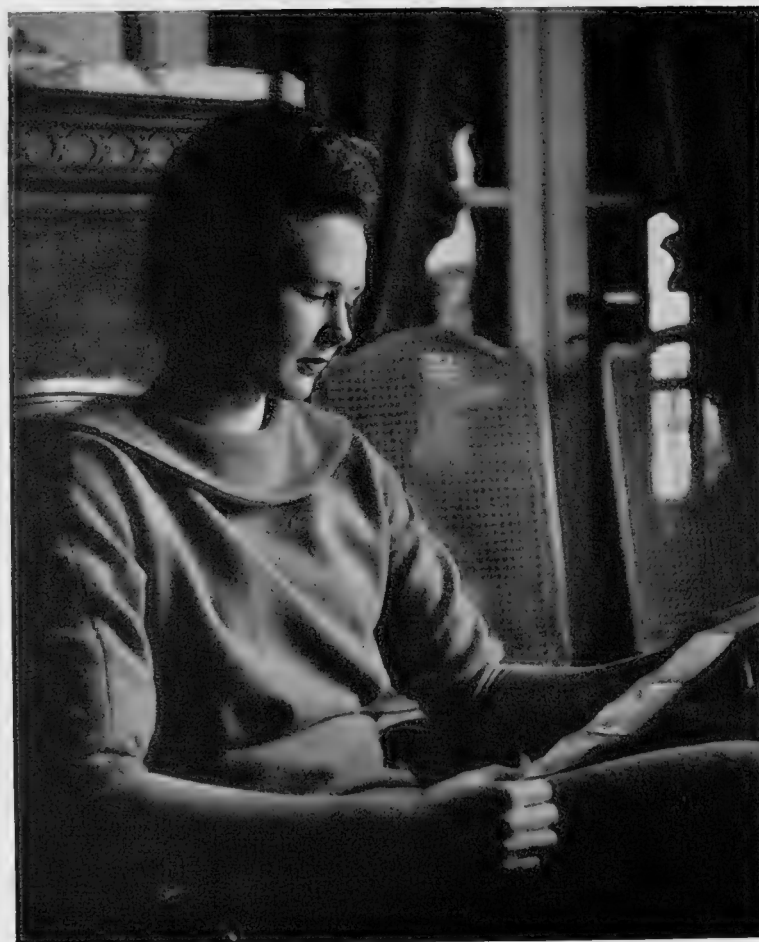
REFRESHMENT TIME: Left: Camilla Salvesen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Neville Salvesen, has her glass filled by Sarah Watts, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Watts. Right:



Hearer Pearson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. F. Pearson, pours for Elizabeth Buxton, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Buxton, Jeanie Walker, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Walker, and Maria Taylor (all at Mme. Boué's Study Home)



LOOKING-GLASS reflects the face of Ann Shafto, one of the eight girls at Mme. Harel-Darc's school



## The PARIS

## POLISH

continued

continued from page 724

received warmly by her hospitable niece and deputy, Mlle. Chita, who showed me round. Most of the bedrooms are shared by two to three girls, and I was struck by the tidy way they are kept.

I joined Mme. Boué's girls for coffee after lunch and found them watching television (usually restricted to the evenings) as they waited for me. The same evening I went with them all to the Champs-Élysées Theatre to watch the Marquis de Cuevas's International Ballet.

The usual length of the course at all the schools I visited is two terms; from October to December (when most of the girls go home for Christmas), and from January to March. They then return to England in good time for the coming Season.

It sounds an agreeable life, and apart from all the useful interesting things they learn, it was evident—as I think my pictures show—that these girls enjoy their stay in Paris.

LETTER FROM HOME for Maria Taylor, daughter of Mrs. Robert Taylor. Maria was presented this year but is coming out in 1959

VISITING THE LOUVRE: Miss Jean Walker, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Walker, of Windlesham, Maria Taylor and Heather Pearson

SCRAPBOOKS of places visited are kept by all the girls at Mme. Boué's. Sticking them up here are Fiona Macfarlane, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. I. C.



# Leisure and outings



BIRD IN HAND: Sarah Fox-Pitt, daughter of Major-General & Mrs. W. A. Fox-Pitt, obviously enjoys her visit to the bird market

Macfarlane, Jill Gough, Maria Taylor, and Sarah Watts. The curriculum includes daily sight-seeing as well as other outings and sports

WINDOW DISPLAY of paintings is discussed by Anthea Seymour, the Hon. Jane Pearson, and Lady Gillian Pepys. Art is stressed at their school

BESIDE THE SEINE: Sarah Drummond, Victoria Mann, Virginia Tyler and Sarah Fox-Pitt discuss bait with fisherman Leon Sauvenay



## THEATRE

## An after-dinner rest cure

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



Joan Greenwood  
as the scatter-  
brain out to collect  
her friend's spouse

I HAVE BEGUN in recent years to grow sorry for a once pampered type of playgoer who used to excite my youthful intolerance. We always called him (searingly) the Tired Business Man. It was his reprehensible habit to bring a frivolous party to the theatre for what they obviously regarded as an after-dinner rest cure. What chance was there for an adult drama to get going while he and his pleasure-loving like contentedly filled the stalls?

We somehow managed to rid straight drama of this creature. There is now almost nowhere for him to go except to the musicals, and even they sometimes toy disturbingly with ideas. The adult drama meanwhile has flourished with a vengeance. As it hurries us from one ugly theme to a theme even uglier we find ourselves increasingly in need of some relaxation, and we remember that what we disdainfully called the Tired Business Man's after-dinner rest cure was often a piece of amusing artifice laced with harmless sentiment and acted with extreme finesse.

Among the few playwrights who seemed

to have sensed our rather shamefaced need for more entertainment Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams have the lightest and most assured touch. I should expect *The Grass Is Greener* at the St. Martin's Theatre to repeat the success of *Plaintiff In A Pretty Hat*. It is not less theatrically effective, and it is acted with even greater virtuosity. We know exactly where we are as soon as we hear the butler of Mr. Moray Watson explaining to the peer of Mr. Williams that butlers are an obsolete class of servant. On the ground that he cannot find enough to do he offers to take a wage reduction. The peer amiably points out that visitors who pay half a crown a head for the privilege of inspecting his ancestral home would feel cheated if they did not catch sight of an authentic butler in the background; but he respects the man's scruples and agrees to grant him a reduction of wage.

Miss Celia Johnson's countess appears at first sight the entirely suitable wife of a peer so amiable yet so shrewd. She busies herself growing mushrooms for the market and with the affairs of her children; but no

sooner has a visitor gate-crashed into the private apartments than a sudden madness seizes her. She falls head over heels into love with the man who, she is enchanted to hear, is an American oil millionaire. She hardly knows what to think of her own extraordinary behaviour, but she is, on balance, more thrilled than shocked. The peer knows instantly what has happened. He conceals his jealousy behind a show of hospitality which deceives the visitor but not the countess.

It is clear to her that the battle is on between her husband and lover. She rather hopes the lover may win, but he is just a plain straightforward American, no real match, she fears, for the English aristocrat with generations of guile and tenacity at his call. But while the peer is setting a trap for his rival he has an extremely trying time. His wife is in London, presumably seeing a great deal of the oil millionaire, and down from London comes the outrageous Hattie to make the most of her scandalous news. The peer is an old flame of hers and she hopes to collect him on the rebound. Miss Joan Greenwood turns Hattie into a grotesque husky-voiced doll alive with uninhibited mischief.

An early cuckoo in the woods has been getting on the husband's nerves. Hattie chooses precisely the right psychological moment to suggest that the mocking bird has flown straight from Claridge's. It is a delicious performance, and she and Miss Johnson play marvellously well together in the scene where Hattie turns her malice on to her friend, who is still in a self-bewildering state of schizophrenia.

The dénouement brought about by a bogus duel arranged by the comic butler between his master and the American strikes me as a mistake. It has a certain farcical effectiveness, but it brings out too clearly that the lover is something of a dummy figure, discreetly as Mr. Edward Underdown handles him, and, what is worse, it causes Mr. Williams to be sentimental for too long a time. A sudden passage of sentiment suits Mr. Williams, but in this instance his sense of comedy has all it can do to keep itself unsubdued. However, the play is safe enough by this time.

MR. RICHARD CURNOCK. A cartoon of Mr. Curnock in *Chrysanthemum* (this page, 26 November) was wrongly described as being of Mr. Raymond Newell. In fact Mr. Curnock has a double rôle in *Chrysanthemum*—as the heroine's wicked Uncle Fred and as Ma Carroty, a sinister old lady in a wheeled chair.

Courtesy is all very well, but when a husband (Hugh Williams) puts an altogether superfine point on it, his wife (Celia Johnson) is bound to have her suspicions—about his suspicions





## CINEMA

## The smallest star on film

by ELSPETH GRANT

**M**R. RUSS TAMBLYN, a dancer of great verve and agility, has the title rôle in **tom thumb**: he is the tiny boy of the Grimm Brothers' fairytale—and Mr. George Pal, directing with technical brilliance, succeeds in making him appear to be no bigger than a mouse. The children will be charmed. Grown-ups may feel it a pity that ingenuity was not accompanied by a little better taste—for there is a sort of pantomime garishness about the piece, a tuppence-Technicolored look, so to speak.

Mr. Bernard Miles is nice and earthy and Miss Jessie Matthews plump and cosy as the honest woodman and his wife who wish for a son, no matter how small, and are given tom by the Queen of the forest in which they live—Miss June Thorburn, looking uncommonly like a sugared almond. Messrs. Peter Sellers and Terry-Thomas are a couple of weird and villainous mountebanks who trick wee Mr. Tamblyn into helping them rob the town treasury. Mr. Miles is accused of the theft and is about to be given a flogging (an unnecessarily brutal scene) when, thanks to tom and a gallant horse, the two rascals are willy-nilly brought back to the village and to justice.

Mr. Sellers, enveloped in a thick German accent and snug fur coat, contrives to look somehow like a lieder singer who has lost his way. Mr. Terry-Thomas, baring his gap-tooth and wearing a "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed" expression, is as ingratiating as a set-trap—and neither of them struck me as very funny. One way and another, the human players are pretty dull—but there are, by way of compensation, some wonderfully animated and enchanting toys, including a dear little mandarin-doll who gives tom thumb sage Oriental advice, and a gloriously grotesque character called The Yawning Man who puts him to sleep with the most comical—and effective—lullaby you ever heard.

Mr. Seth Holt's drama, **Nowhere To Go**, opens most effectively with a long, silent sequence and Mr. Bernard Lee, in the dark of the night and to one's complete mystification, scaling a prison wall from the outside. Breaking into prison is surely something new.

One settles back to enjoy an unusual film—and though the story, based on the novel by Mr. Donald Mackenzie, becomes rather over-complicated before winding to the only conceivable dead ending, one is not disappointed. The screen play, by Messrs. Seth Holt and Kenneth Tynan, is well-knit and the dialogue is excellent.

Mr. George Nader, as a Canadian crook, has tricked a middle-aged widow (Miss Bessie Love) into letting him negotiate the sale of her late husband's valuable collection of antique coins—and has made off with fifty-five thousands pounds in cash. He knows the police will catch up with him but, as he has the money stashed away in a safe deposit, he doesn't care. Even if he is given, as he reckons he will be, a sentence of five years, it will have been worth it. He is,

## THIS WEEK'S FILMS

**TOM THUMB**—Russ Tamblyn, Bernard Miles, Jessie Matthews, Peter Sellers, June Thorburn, Terry-Thomas, Alan Young. Directed by George Pal.

**NOWHERE TO GO**—George Nader, Maggie Smith, Bernard Lee, Bessie Love. Directed by Seth Holt.

**THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA**—Spencer Tracy, Felipe Pazos, Harry Bellaver. Directed by John Sturges.

when brought to trial, sentenced to ten years. This is more than he had bargained for—and this is where Mr. Lee comes in.

Mr. Lee, an efficient and apparently jovial criminal type, seems willing, for five thousand pounds, to organize and engineer Mr. Nader's escape from jail. Once it has been done and Mr. Nader has moved into a flat found for him by Mr. Lee, Mr. Nader finds his friend rather more demanding. He is speculating on how to deal with him when a young woman, Miss Maggie Smith, calls at the flat. She, it seems, is the fiancée of the previous tenant who, unbeknown to her, has thought it expedient to nip off to Tangier for a time.

Miss Smith, who, by the way, has far more poise and personality than most of our



AUNTIE MAME—according to Rosalind Russell, the Broadway original. The film version also has Forrest Tucker and Coral Browne

young things, accepts the situation with a wry wistfulness. This sort of thing is always happening to her—she is always being let down by her boy friends, she tells Mr. Nader, because they are invariably lame dogs or hopeless cases. She leaves her address with Mr. Nader, in case her fiancé should wish to get in touch with her. Mr. Nader takes it thoughtfully. She is the sort of girl he might be able to make use of.

He does not do so until he is wanted for murder—the murder of Mr. Lee, in fact, the news of which comes as a great shock to him when delivered by an underworld boss (splendidly played by Mr. Harry Corbett) whom he has approached for help in getting out of the country. Miss Smith seems to Mr. Nader his last chance. Will she play—now that every newspaper carries a picture of him? That is something he has to find out—and you will have to, too. Mr. Nader is good-looking in a surly sort of way but does not allow himself more than one expression. Miss Smith I found extraordinarily appealing.

Mr. Spencer Tracy as the Old Man in the film of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's small masterpiece, **The Old Man And The Sea**, declares that "man can be destroyed but not defeated." This is not strictly true, I think. It seems to me that the director, Mr. John Sturges, has been defeated—and, which is sad, by his own integrity, at that. No director has ever been more loyal to an author. Every detail of the story is there and Mr. Tracy dreams all the Old Man's dreams and thinks all his thoughts. The trouble is, he thinks out loud, in a voice with the texture of coconut matting—and the essentially literary quality of Mr. Hemingway's writing sits oddly on the rugged, simple old man battling with the giant marlin he has hooked, and fighting off the sharks that will rob him of his prize. Master Felipe Pazos is beautifully grave as the small boy who loves the Old Man. The colour and the underwater photography are fine. I do not think anybody could have made a better film of the book—but why film it, after all?



THE BIG COUNTRY—the Wild West of course. These two ranchers are Jean Simmons and Gregory Peck

## BOOKS I AM READING

## My week for happiness

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

STANLEY  
PARKER  
DRAWS . .

## V. Sackville-West

*Surrounded by her favourite treasures, V. ("Don't call me Victoria") Sackville-West, lives and works at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent. She spends much of her time in the gardens, about which she has written frequently. Her latest book is Even More For The Garden (Michael Joseph). She is married to the Hon. Sir Harold Nicolson*

My most loved book of the week seems very unlike most current Books of the Week, in that it is not military memoirs, nor a frank exposé of prison life, nor a hard-hitting disabused novel about beastly goings-on in the rainy provinces. It is *Steps* (Cassell, 30s.), by the protean and amazing Mr. Robert Graves, who for this week at least becomes my favourite writer bar none. To read the book is to share the time of someone who must be the best company in the world, crammed full of the least expected information (and not showing off about it), possessed by furnace-bright enthusiasm and any number of brilliant bees in his bonnet—which is, I gather from the jacket, a crownless straw hat.

The book is a collection of stories, anecdotes, historical studies, critical essays, new poems (he is without a doubt one of the best English poets alive) and lectures given in America. Of the prose in the book, I found the poetry lectures best—the most exciting and stimulating critical writing I have read for a very long time. One of the things I dearly love and admire is the way Mr. Graves, who can be a fierce fighter when he chooses, whacks his opponents without malice but with the stern and vigorous good will—and high spirits also—of a man who is valiant for the truth as he knows it. He is on the side of life. If I had a crownless straw hat I would throw it high in the air in celebration of this book.

I feel the same about John Betjeman's *Collected Poems* (John Murray, 15s.)—a book that is incidentally as good-looking as its contents are memorable. Mr. Betjeman's poems are quite unlike those written by anyone else. Some of them are light occasional pieces, most of them sparkle with wit, all are as clear as crystal; but I do not think he has ever written a poem, even the lightest in mood, that does not express something sharply, often painfully experienced. He can catch a remembered landscape and remembered happiness, especially that of childhood, with a real aching poignancy, and in spite of all the jolly jokes and the fun and the great big mountainous sports girls, it is the delicately elegiac quality, the sadness in the verse that I take away with me—only partly because Mr. Betjeman's poems are full of church-bells, to me the most evocative and the saddest sound there is.

Do not treat him lightly as a graceful versifier. Like Mr. Graves, he is a meticulous craftsman, with a cunning ear. (Who else on earth could have written that strangest and most haunting of lines, "While Tranter Reuben, Gordon Selfridge, Edna Best and Thomas Hardy lie in Mellstock Churchyard now"? ) He can be, and frequently is, frivolous, but behind everything there is a clear death's head, a shocking *memento mori*. I am delighted to have the *Collected Poems*, on the understanding that they are followed by more collected poems after not too long an interval.

This being my week for happiness and smiles all round—rare and delightful phenomenon—let me go on to say that the title long-short story in *Breakfast At Tiffany's* by Truman Capote (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), seems to me masterly. It is the compassionate, sad—but extremely funny—story of the brief recorded life and disordered times of Miss Holiday Golightly, otherwise known as Mrs. Lulamae Barnes

of Tulip, Texas, a 19-year-old orphan of the storm and sometime child-bride, who visits Sing Sing on Thursdays and owes more than a small debt to Mr. Isherwood's Sally Bowles, but is all the same riotously, ruthlessly herself. Miss Golightly's literary ancestors were the golden-hearted tarts of long ago. Now she speaks with the slangy, French-spattered, dislocated wit of the New York good-time waif who never complains and rarely explains and lives according to a curious moral code all her own.

Somewhere at the heart of this story I think there is a small pearl of purest unadulterated sentimentality but Mr. Capote's sleight of hand is so exquisite, his weird dialogue so dazzling, and his crafty storytelling so irresistible and mocking, that it causes you no pain at all. Holly, you will not be surprised to learn, looks about twelve years old when recovering from a miscarriage without her makeup, and I have no doubt but that we shall all soon be crying our eyes out at Miss Julie Harris—surely no-one but she—playing this scene in the movies. As an addition to the brave little lost girls of the contemporary scene, Holly is quite a find.

**The Shy Princess**, by David Duff (Evans, 10s.), is a biography of Queen Victoria's youngest child Princess Beatrice, full of fascinating royal anecdotes about the family that was linked by inter-marriage right across Europe. Princess Beatrice staunchly did her duty, which was to become the life-long companion and favourite confidante of her mother—the Prince Consort died when Beatrice was four, and thereafter the Queen used to sleep with his photograph and his night-clothes, and had fresh washing water poured out for him every evening.

The Princess succeeded in making a very happy marriage—she was given two days off for her honeymoon. The world of the book is strange and remote—Prince Albert playing the organ in the sunset at Osborne, Queen Victoria hoarding away all her dolls, every dress she had ever worn, every family photograph, Edward VII smashing all the plaster statuettes of John Brown by throwing them on the floor—and splendid value for collectors.

Briefly... **London**, the book of photographs by Tony Armstrong Jones (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 30s.), is un pompous, unhackneyed, fresh and full of life, surprise and affection, doesn't seize you by the elbow and yell "What a clever photograph." ... **Way Of The World**, second series (*Daily Telegraph*, 5s.), is a year's collection of the Peter Simple column in the *Telegraph*, brilliant in parody, full of rage, passion, savagery, and at times a sort of black despair, a Swiftian fury that is alarmingly impressive when read at a gulp and apt to leave you shaking and faintly green.

Finally, **The Worst English Poets**, compiled by Christopher Adams (Wingate, 8s. 6d.), a tiny malicious anthology of truly frightful material, good to find in a Christmas stocking to hoard against a bilious Boxing Day.

#### I LIKED THESE

##### TITLES FROM RECENT REVIEWS

SAINT-SIMON AT VERSAILLES by Lucy Norton (Hamish Hamilton, 30s.); THE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA by Sir Vivian Fuchs (Cassell, 30s.); THE LAST DUCHESS by D. A. Ponsonby (Chapman & Hall, 18s.); J. B. PRIESTLEY by David Hughes (Rupert Hart-Davies, 25s.).

## RECORDS

# Trios are not for tyros

by GERALD LASCELLES

I WROTE SOME MONTHS AGO ABOUT THE prevalence of trio jazz in recent American recording activities. It is a dangerous medium, when used to excess by any but the most brilliant musicians. At the same time it is a quick and easy method of expression for those who are adroit at copying the great. Improvisation such as jazz demands, when limited to one or at the most two melody instruments, soon stagnates, unless the musicians involved have a good deal more to contribute in the way of original thought than most of the modern generation have.

An American best seller has been the Shelly Manne—André Previn trio, whose amusing and imaginative treatment of the *My Fair Lady* score has become a byword in modern jazz treatment. When one hears their sequels, based on *Pal Joey* and *Li'l Abner*, it is not hard to see that their ideas are limited, and that it is the piano work of Previn which sets the pace.

In the past two months more than a dozen trio jazz records have reached me. Some are immaculate in their whole, notably the Teddy Wilson and Mel Henke LPs; the latter features a most interesting pianist, Henke, who is partly under the Hines spell. Despite an obvious gift for free swinging jazz he admits that he writes out all the piano parts in full beforehand, and then can relax with the certain knowledge of music in front of him if he feels lost.

Hampton Hawes, a prolific recorder on West Coast studio pianos, bites deep into the cake with his **Trio** on Contemporary, but deeper still in the company of Charlie Mingus' **Trio** on London. This 1957 effort was recorded eighteen months later than his latest release on Contemporary, and shows the rapid advance which he is making in the realms of progressive jazz with a beat. I suspect that there was some feeling between Hawes and his bass-playing leader, Charlie Mingus, who was for so long a pillar of wisdom and strength

in the Lionel Hampton group. Despite a tendency on Hawes's part to absorb the clichés of Oscar Peterson, I predict a predominating leadership for both him and Mingus in the shaping of future jazz patterns.

**Groovy** is the word chosen by Esquire to describe their latest Red Garland record. I think highly of his work, despite the fact that when he played one brief portion of a concert in England three months ago he succeeded in sounding like nobody but Oscar Peterson! His obvious addiction, shared with Hawes, to both Tatum and Bud Powell, is stated in some of the swinging passages he plays in these pieces. His deficiencies in the bass (that means left hand) are typical of the present day style, echoed with cool calculation and infinite technique by the Billy Taylor trio on H.M.V. Taylor's slick treatment of standards, even up to Monk's *Round about Midnight*, is a necessary marriage of the Tatum fundamentals with the imaginative but impractical chord-play of the bop idiom. Divorce inevitably ensues, as it does in the uncomfortable alliance of the Freddie Redd Trio. His Swedish recorded Nixa LP is living proof of the danger in growing up under the modern Powell-Peterson influence. The results are cruel and precise, almost entirely lacking the warmth and expression of ideas that I rate highest among jazz ingredients.

To me the trio of the future is woven in the musical tapestry of the Jimmy Guiffre Trio, a non-piano group comprising trombone, guitar, and the leader's own variations on clarinet, tenor and baritone saxophones. They echo in part the inventions of Gerry Mulligan, for whom Brookmeyer has worked. For the rest, they capture all the improbability of true jazz chamber music. Had Jelly Roll Morton lived, this is the sort of music I think he would have been playing today.



## SELECTED RECORDS

TEDDY WILSON  
MEL HENKE  
CHARLIE MINGUS  
RED GARLAND  
JIMMY GUIFFRE

I GOT RHYTHM  
DIG MEL HENKE  
TRIO  
GROOVY  
TRAV'LIN' LIGHT

12-in. L.P. H.M.V. CLP1230.  
12-in. L.P. Contemporary LAC12112.  
12-in. L.P. London LTZ-J15129.  
12-in. L.P. Esquire 32-056.  
12-in. L.P. London LTZ-K15137.



# The outing season for the under-tens

Trying out new outfits for wear to Christmas parties and shows, Tom & Wendy visit Bertram Mills Circus at its Ascot winter quarters

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



Wendy talks to the circus dwarfs Nikki and Little Billy and finds it puzzling to meet "little people" who are also grown-ups. Her coat is of ruby velvet lined with white satin and under it she wears a matching velvet dress inset at the neck with white organdie which is also used to make the tiny puff sleeves. Coat and dress are hand-made to order by the White House, New Bond Street, where they can also be bought ready-made. Prices: the coat, 16½ gns., the dress, 20 gns.

Wendy would like to become a bare-back rider, an ambition that grows as Ringmaster Ken MacManus explains how daintily his horse Pavlova behaves when she carries her rider in silk and spangles around the ring at Olympia. For the lesson Wendy wears her party frock made of Swiss embroidered white organdie with a narrow coral pink velvet sash. Obtainable from Gaychild, South Molton Street, London, W.1. The price is £6 3s. 9d.





It's not every day that a chap can introduce his girl friend to somebody as famous as Coco the Clown but he can't persuade Coco to tell them how he makes his hair stand so beautifully on end. For the interview Tom wears a three-quarter length double-breasted reefer jacket with a double vent at the back, lined throughout with wool. Price: about 82s. 6d. from Gaychild. The navy and white houndstooth trews in a wool mixture are washable and cost 29s. 6d. also from Gaychild. Wendy's neatly tailored bright yellow coat in brushed wool is double-breasted with stitched pockets and revers. Swiss-made and obtainable at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, it costs £7 10s. 6d.



Michèle R. / London

Their new circus friends introduce the children to a Shetland pony. Wendy's dress is made of deep red needlecord trimmed with white lace and comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge, who also have it in blue. Price: about £6 14s. 3d. Tom's short pants are in a marine blue Terylene and wool mixture by Chilprufe with a white Viyella shirt and blue shantung tie. All from Harrods they cost £1 16s. 9d., £1 4s. 9d. and 6s. 3d. respectively



## LITTLE PEOPLE AT THE CIRCUS *continued*

The Bertram Mills Circus opens at Olympia on Friday. Wendy is dressed for her preview visit to the winter quarters in a gay red felt skirt trimmed with white embroidered braid. It has detachable shoulder straps and is worn with a white poplin drip-dry blouse with a Peter Pan collar. Both come from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street. The prices: for the skirt £2 5s., for the blouse 19s. 6d.



# It's fun to meet new friends



Now just how do you feed an elephant without getting sawdust over a pair of smart brown-and-white check Terylene and wool pants, even if they are crease-resistant and washable? Topped by a yellow Osmaline shirt and a pure silk bow tie Tom looks as smart as paint. His outfit comes from Gaychild, 36 South Molton Street. Prices: pants £1 6s. 3d., shirt £1 11s. 6d. and tie 4s. 6d.

What big boots you have Coco! Wendy exercises the privilege of friendship to take a closer look. She wears a smart coat of scarlet velour with a matching velvet collar, scarlet wool gloves and black patent shoes. They all come from Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and are priced respectively at £6 12s. 6d., 5s. 11d. and 35s. 11d. The silk socks, price: 10s. 9d. from Harrods



Crisp organdie makes the prettiest Christmas party frocks for small children. This one is in white, trimmed with pin-tucking and lace at the yoke and on the skirt. It is mounted on two layers of yellow organdie and primrose satin ribbon is slotted through the sleeves and hem. Hand-made, it comes from Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, the price, about £12 7s. 6d.

LITTLE PEOPLE AT  
THE CIRCUS *continued*

## The party

Michel Molinare



# ook—plus poodles



What's the collective noun for a group of performing dogs? In Tom's view the answer is "a puzzlement" as he watches the circus poodle go through its paces. For the impromptu rehearsal Tom wears another gay party outfit—red jersey pants teamed with a yellow poplin shirt. Both are from Marshall & Snelgrove, prices: £1 4s. 3d. and £2 1s. 6d. respectively



Coral nylon organdie makes another party dress with deep smocking in green, white and coral all round the bodice and white nylon used for collar and pocket flaps. It is mounted on a stiff white nylon petticoat and costs about £10 2s. 6d. from a selection at Harrods. Tom wears blue velveteen shorts and a lighter blue cardigan over a white Terylene and cotton mixture shirt. All from Marshall & Snelgrove, prices: £2 14s. 6d., £2 12s. 6d. and £1 6s. 6d. respectively



IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

## To highlight your charm



The Windsmoor dresses on these pages highlight the modern age of precision and economy of labour, incorporating the latest ideas, the best in value and one of the newest man-made materials, Tricel, which is drip-dry, entirely crease resistant and can be permanently pleated. The dresses come in many colours and are shown here in holly red against a background of space-age lamps in the new showrooms at 4 Conduit Street of Rotaflex who specialize in modern lighting. *Left:* A slim sheath dress with low scooped neckline and high waist emphasized by a drawstring and a small flat bow. Price: £3 9s. 11d. from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, Selfridges (in black only) and Kendal Milne, Manchester. Pendant ear-rings and bracelet, £1 2s. 6d. and £1 17s. 6d. respectively, come from Selfridges. *Right:* A straight dress with the fashionable slightly bloused top, casually tied narrow belt and high neck. In black only from Selfridges but also in many other colours from D. H. Evans and Kendal Milne, Manchester, price: £3 9s. 11d. Crystal ropes are in the news and here they are mixed with pearls. A single rope costs £2 17s. 6d., a three-strand necklace £1 17s. 6d., at Selfridges. *Below:* An evening bag in gleaming white and silver brocade, neat as the dresses in shape and value, from Selfridges, price: £1 17s. 6d.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
PETER ALEXANDER



Two views of the Directoire style,  
designed by French of London  
for party time. It can  
also be adapted for day wear



John Cole

## BEAUTY

# The luck that built a business

by JEAN CLELAND

"WIV A LITTLE bit of luck" might have been sung by Charles of the Ritz when he started his beauty business.

It was largely luck that in 1926 led to the creation of *Reverescence*, the first moisture cream. Luck it was again that gave him the idea for the *Charles of the Ritz Bar* for the mixing of face powder, and luck that the new *Directoire* scent, only just on the market, has coincided so perfectly with the latest Empire fashions.

Charles was originally a hairdresser in Paris. His business prospered and, being ambitious, he decided to widen his horizon and go to America. In 1923 he opened his own hairdressing salon in the Ritz Hotel, New York, where he soon became well known and much sought after by the smart set. It was not long before he started taking an interest in the beauty side of the business, advising his clients on the best kind of preparations to use, and finally making them himself. At first they were only made for sale in his own salon, but later on they became so popular that Charles—known by now as Charles of the Ritz—decided to market them.

Until then Charles's success had been achieved by skill and hard work, but in 1926, the first "little bit of luck" came along. In the making of one of his face creams, something a little different in the baking broke up the molecules. When the resultant preparation was tried on the face it was found that while the skin could absorb the moisture, there was also a slight moisture left resting on the surface. Like—as it was described to me—the dew on a rose. It was from this chance discovery that a new

formula was conceived, resulting in *Reverescence*, now the biggest Charles of the Ritz seller throughout the world.

Charles was concerned next with powder, which, in his opinion, was something that should be mixed individually according to the tones of the skin and the individual colouring. This was simple to do in his own salon for his own clients, but how to extend the service to the general public presented a problem. People have often asked me how the Powder Bar started and, here again, it was due to a "little bit of luck."

One day a client was waiting for her powder to be mixed, and got tired of standing around. She asked for a chair and, sitting comfortably, took the greatest interest in watching the mixing in process. Why not let other customers watch it—and have it—not only here but in the shops, thought Charles. And so he designed the Charles of the Ritz Bars, which are now a familiar sight in most of the leading stores. Latest development in these bars has been the powder pressing machine, of which I have written.

Third "little bit of luck" happened quite recently, and had to do with the *Directoire* scent which is right in the mood of the moment. A creation of this kind is not dreamed up at a minute's notice. It was some time ago that work started on this new perfume. For some reason or other—luck again—it was decided to call the scent *Directoire*, and to give the packaging a *Directoire* design for which ideas were taken from the fabrics shown in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The double swan and the wreath of white roses were both much used in the fabrics of that time.



The Directoire range of toilet preparations by Charles of the Ritz



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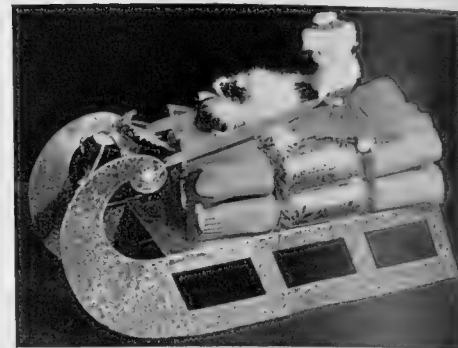
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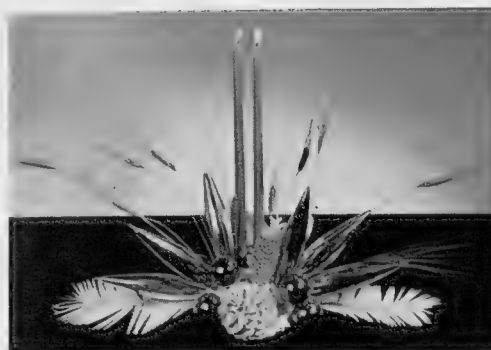
A gay doll and her dog ride crackers on a sleigh (£1 8s. 6d.). Harrods



## SHOPPING

## Centres of attraction

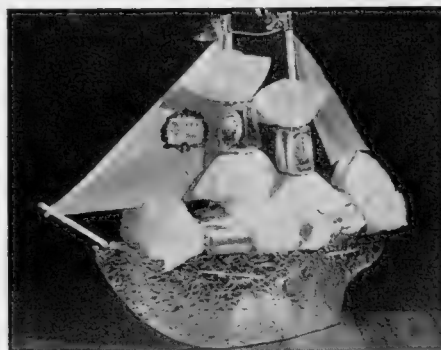
by JEAN STEELE



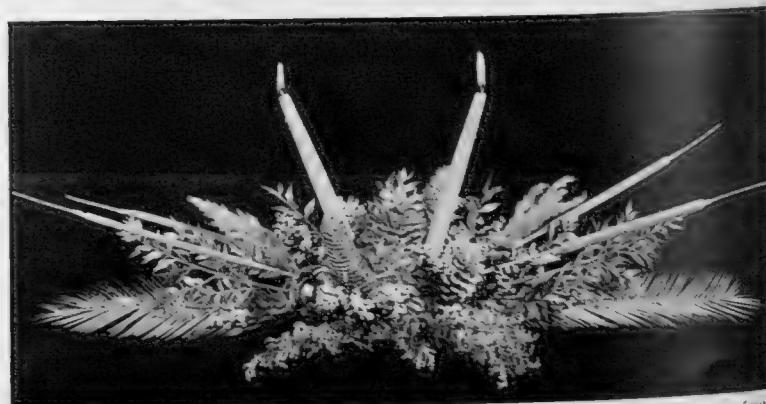
Ears of corn are mixed with the red and silver ornaments (£1 4s.). Fortnum & Mason



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Left: A silver galleon and crackers (£1 17s. 6d.). Harrods. Below: This table centre can be made in the colours you want (£1 5s.). Selfridges



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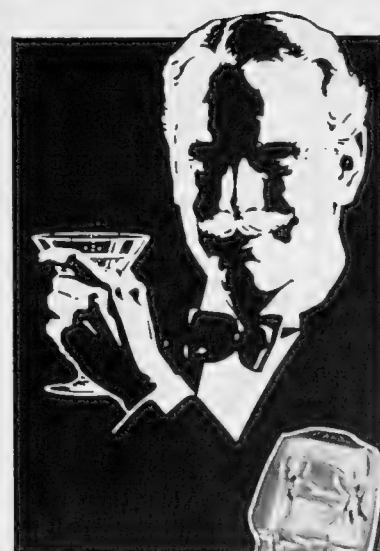
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## MOTORING

## Motorway code is "safety fast"

by GORDON WILKINS

IT WILL BE a long time before we have cause to put into practice all the advice in the Ministry of Transport's new motorway driving code, especially the bit about stopping to stretch our legs after long hours of motorway driving (it will take about ten minutes to cover the first one from end to end). But the code is full of sound sense and everyone should read it. At present it is being distributed by the police in Lancashire and by the A.A. and R.A.C.

British drivers have been conditioned by ceaseless propaganda to equate slowness with safety and it is good to see a clear-cut set of rules for the new approach, which might be summed up by borrowing M.G.'s famous old slogan "Safety Fast." I doubt if we shall notice much difference. The fast lanes on existing twin-track highways are often blocked by family cars cruising along at 40 m.p.h. and, since the new roads will be heavily loaded as soon as they are opened, there will be few opportunities for sustained high speed.

The biggest danger will be from those heavy lorries which have no direction indicators swinging out to overtake in front of fast moving cars, especially at night. Sooner or later, the Minister will be forced to ban all vehicles without illuminated direction indicators from the motorways. It would be better to do it now and avoid the accidents.

There are two additional items which I would suggest as practical guidance for motorway driving:

1. In cold weather keep a special look out for ice on bridges and viaducts. They are exposed to the wind and cool down faster than the rest of the road.

2. When travelling fast, beware of side winds as you emerge from a sheltered stretch on to an exposed section such as a causeway, bridge or viaduct.

A German beauty queen was killed a short

time ago through losing control when her car was thrown off course by a gust of wind as she emerged from the shelter of a forest on to a high viaduct.

The one rule which must be enforced with utter ruthlessness is the ban on stopping on the carriageway. In fact, a lot of people would be glad to see it extended to all trunk roads outside built-up areas. Laybys are now fairly frequent. Where they do not exist it is usually possible to get the car on



D. E. L. Bowcock  
MR. RON GOULDBORN, of the North Staffs Motor Club, is the first driver to win the R.A.C. British Rally Championship. His navigator, Mr. Stuart Turner (*with him*), has twice won the Autosport Navigators' award

to the grass verge. A short time ago I saw the main A40 trunk highway reduced to single line traffic, with blocks of vehicles waiting in each direction, because one family had chosen to stop on the road to munch some sandwiches. A night in the cells would not be too severe for that sort of thing.

Despite the current talk of motorways and the coming era of fast road transport, new regulations are now in preparation which seem destined to produce bigger traffic jams than ever on the existing 6,400



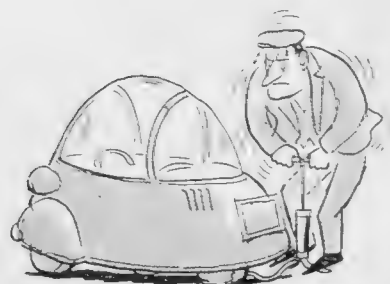
miles of trunk roads. Next year it will become an offence to cross a double white line where the line nearest to you is a continuous one. Penalty: up to £20 for the first offence and £50 subsequently.

Now the principle of the double white line is an excellent one and it is being used with great success in many other countries, but before it is made compulsory here there should be some effort to make drivers of slow vehicles keep in to the left. Otherwise all traffic will be reduced to the speed of the slowest at every sharp bend and hump in the road.

On narrow roads with sharp corners or severe humps, both white lines are solid, so that no one may cross them and there are points where vehicles will have to queue up behind any solitary cyclist who happens to be going that way.

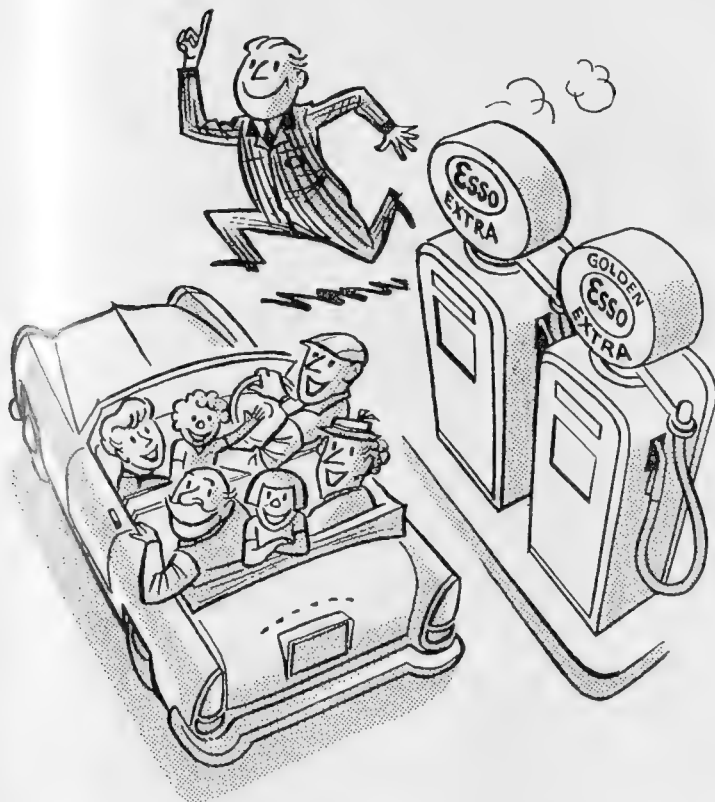
How do the authorities decide which corners and humps shall have double white lines? It is done in a thorough and systematic way. Various vehicles are driven over the stretch concerned to assess the speeds at which it is likely to be taken by the faster traffic. Calculations then show the braking distance required from that speed with brakes of average efficiency and if the configuration of the road does not give a clear sight line equivalent to at least this braking distance, the white lines are installed.

It is a sound system and is being logically applied, but if only it were accompanied by concerted action by police patrols to induce slow traffic to hug the nearside kerb, we could have the safety without extra congestion. The opening of a few miles of motorway should not deflect attention from the fact that congestion on existing trunk roads now represents a national emergency which will continue for years to come. We need a fresh drive to remove all obstacles which impede the flow of traffic.



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DINING IN

## Give a Chinese party

by HELEN BURKE

WITH CHRISTMAS parties in mind, I would suggest that young hostesses try Chinese dishes, especially for little informal occasions. Chinese food, on the whole, is not expensive and, judging by the numbers of Chinese restaurants which are springing up in many parts of the country, many people like it. The following dishes are well within the scope of an average cook and are not at all exotic.

Steamed rice is the basis of many Chinese dishes and the safest of all ways to cook it. Use Patna rice, because it is so well behaved, or, better perhaps, buy rice from a Chinese emporium. Wash a breakfastcup of it in a large bowl under running water, rubbing the rice between the fingers. When the water is clear, drain it off. Add 2 breakfastcups of cold water to the rice, bring it to the boil and boil for 5 minutes. Drain the rice, place in a steamer and steam over boiling water for 30 minutes or until dry and tender. You now have 3 breakfastcups of rice!

With it, you can make fried rice dishes this way: Heat 3 tablespoons of olive oil and fry a chopped onion in it until brown. Add 6 oz. sliced or coarsely chopped button mushrooms and fry them for a moment or so, just enough to half cook them. Add the well-drained cold rice and keep moving it about until it begins to brown. Add a tablespoon or more of soy sauce and seasoning to taste.

Instead of the mushrooms, add 4 to 6 oz. shelled cooked shrimps, 1 sliced cored and deseeded small green pepper and 2 tablespoons of chopped red sweet pepper. Or these can be additions to the mushrooms. A tasty dish.

Chicken Chow Mein, once it has been prepared, is quickly cooked. Slice half a small onion, 2 stalks of celery and 2 oz. mushrooms. Fry them for a few minutes in 1 to 2 tablespoons hot oil. Add ½ lb. diced cooked chicken and ½ pint chicken stock and simmer for 5 minutes. Add 10 water chestnuts, cut into thin slices, ½ breakfastcup bean sprouts and a tablespoon of

chopped red sweet pepper. Blend a level teaspoon of cornflour with a tablespoon of soy sauce, stir it into the cooking mixture, cook for a further 3 minutes and the dish is ready. The water chestnuts and bean sprouts can be bought, in cans, from any of the stores.

Sweet-sour meat balls bring the essence of Chinese cooking to us. Mix together 1 lb. finely-minced beef and a level teaspoon of salt. Make the sauce this way: Bring ¼ pint stock and a green pepper (cut into 6 to 8 large pieces) to the boil and simmer gently for 5 minutes. Mix together a level teaspoon cornflour, a tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons soy sauce and ¼ pint malt vinegar until smooth. Add to the stock. Cook for 3 minutes. Cut 3 pineapple rings into small pieces and chop 3 to 4 sweet pickles. Add them to the sauce.

Roll the meat into walnut-sized balls, dip them into a tablespoon of cornflour and sauté in oil to cook all sides. Drain. Place in a serving dish and pour the sweet-sour sauce over them.

This year, I decided not to write in detail about the big job of cooking the Christmas dinner. Usually, one urges young cooks to do all preparations which are safely possible on Christmas Eve, or even the day before that. Some people not only make the stuffing for the turkey or other bird a day in advance but also fill the bird with it. I may be fussy, but I am always fearful that the stuffing may turn a little sour.

Prepare all the dry ingredients a day in advance, because they do take time, but leave the addition of the binding stock or egg until Christmas morning.

If the main meal is at midday, puddings should go on at breakfast time. All admonitions to get things going early are of little avail to those who are badly organized. Well-organized people need not be told by me!

The slow roasting of turkey is much more satisfactory than the quicker method in a hotter oven.



## DINING OUT

## Where Benedictine grows

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

**D**URING A FEW hours I had in France recently I shot off to the small fishing port of Fécamp (I had not been there since the war) to visit the headquarters of the Société Benedictine, manufacturers of one of the world's most famous liqueurs. The ingredient which is the basis of its flavour is made almost exclusively of plants growing on the cliffs of Fécamp. These were originally gathered and made into an elixir by a great herbalist, Brother Bernardo Vincelli, in 1510, the remaining ingredients being alcohol distilled from wine from their own establishment at Boufarik in Algeria, fine old Cognac and Armagnac, honey and sugar.

The Benedict Museum adjacent to the factory is fabulous and would take a small book to describe it. It contains a mass of priceless treasures. The amazingly-carved Gothic room in the form of a great ship's hull turned upside down is also worth a visit and contains among a vast number of other things a quarter given by Richard II, Duke of Normandy, in 1006 endow-

ing Fécamp Abbey with full independence from all authority. You will be welcome any weekday during the summer or winter so, if you are anywhere near, make a diversion; it is worth while.

Let's go to China to a remarkable party at the Lotus House in Edgware Road, given by the Flour Masters, Brown & Polson, and arranged by an immensely energetic friend of mine who hails from the U.S.A., Robert Carrier.

On arrival, we were fitted out with Chinese Happi-Coats. These appeared to be made of Shantung silk with vast and voluminous sleeves. What is more we were allowed to take them away afterwards complete with a pair of chopsticks.

I had the good fortune to sit opposite to a charming Chinese girl, Tsai Chin. I discovered she had been acting in the film, *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness* with Ingrid Bergman and the late Robert Donat.

The meal was incredible. We started off with *Kwantung Duck*

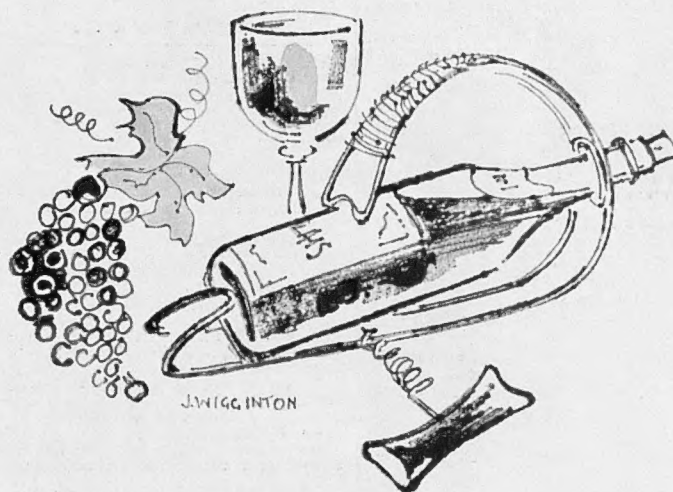
*Siumy*, a whole duck floating in a huge bowl of liquid. It was Tsai Chin who taught me how to carve it. You take your chopsticks, hold them together in your fist and stab at the duck; the meat immediately disintegrates from the carcase into the liquid and you pick out what bits you want and put them into your bowl.

It was again Tsai Chin who taught me how to deal with fried prawns in their shells with chopsticks, rather like you eat jellied eels. Seize the prawn, bite off a bit, scrunch it around in your mouth until you only have the shell left, bring it to your lips and with great elegance remove it with your chopsticks on to your plate.

There is no space to describe the

rest of the menu—it went on for hours—with *sake* at intervals to help your digestion. Apart from sliced beef and quick fried chicken with almonds, there was quite unbelievably *Fish of the Ling Far Low*. This was a huge plaice marinated and cooked in a soya sauce and incredibly good. As colleague Helen Burke, who was sitting on my left, said—it was a magnificent way of dealing with a dull fish.

I was told by Mr. Koon who directs this restaurant that if you want a Chinese feast of this sort you have to order it 48 hours in advance. I am not surprised. You need 48 hours of abstinence to do it justice, but then what a delight it is.



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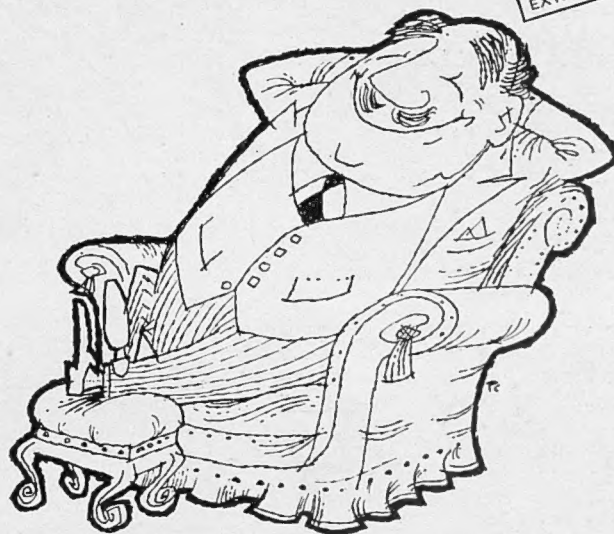
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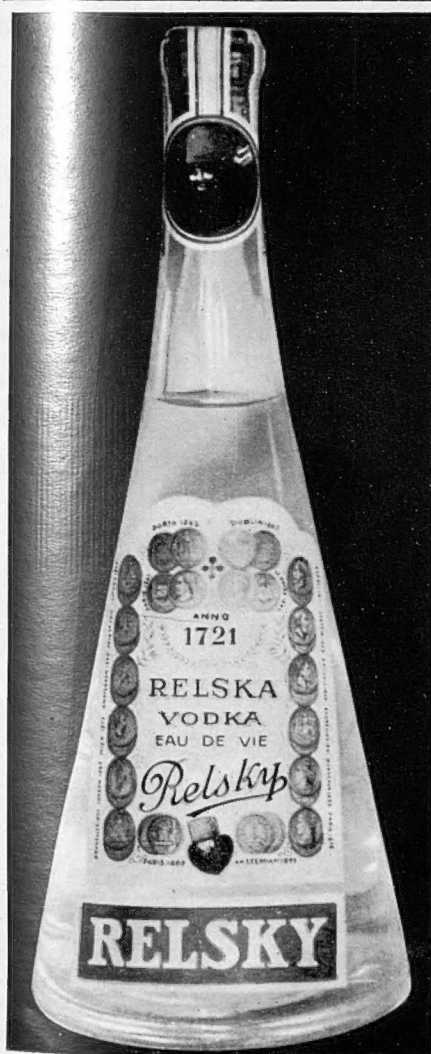


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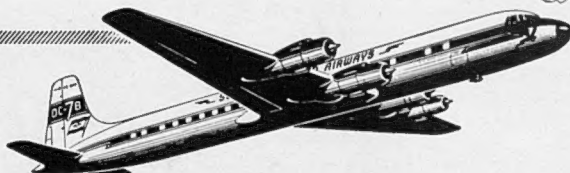


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